The Relief Society Magazine

VOL. 31 NO. 5 MAY 194

MRS HUBERTA B ROBISON
1006 A BONITA
BERKELEY CALIF
71-2-OCT

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Monthy Publication of the Relief Society of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

RELIEF SOCIETY GENERAL BOARD

Amy Brown Lyman - - - - - - President
Marcia K. Howells - - - - - First Counselor
Belle S. Spafford - - - - - Second Counselor
Vera W. Pohlman - - - - - Secretary-Treasurer

Donna D. Sorensen, Vivian R. McConkie, Leda T. Jensen, Rae B. Barker, Nellie O. Parker
Anna S. Barlow, Achsa E. Paxman, Mary G. Judd, Luella N. Adams, Marianne C. Sharp
Anna B. Hart, Gertrude R. Garff, Leona F. Wintch, Edith S. Elliott, Pauline T. Pingree
Alice B. Castleton, Priscilla L. Evans, Florence J. Madsen, Ann P. Nibley, Agnes M. Bolto

RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Editor - - - - - - - - - - Belle S. Spafford
Associate Editor - - - - - - - - - Marianne C. Sharp
General Manager - - - - - - - - - - Amy Brown Lyman

Vol. 31 MAY 1944 No. 5

Contents

SPECIAL FEATURES

Your Spring and Mine ..... Olive Maiben Nicholes 241
The Polish Question ..... Dr. Leland H. Creer 243
"Wist Ye Not That I Must Be About My Father's Business?"—Part VI ..... President J. Reuben Clark, Jr. 250
This I Know To Be True ..... Leone G. Layton 260
Sketch Of My Life ..... Eliza R. Snow Smith 272
"Sisters, Let Your Own Hands Adorn Your Homes" ..... William R. Palmer 279

FICTION

Lissa's Song ..... Mary Ek Knowles 263
The Rock and the River (Part III) ..... Ezra J. Poulsen 283

GENERAL FEATURES

Sixty Years Ago 268
Woman's Sphere ..... Ramona W. Cannon 269
Editorial: Women Courageous ..... Marianne C. Sharp 270
Notes to the Field: Publication of Magazine Honor Roll Delayed 271
Change In Price of Relief Society Pins 271

POETRY

Your Spring and Mine ..... Olive Maiben Nicholes 241
Passover ..... Veneta Leatham Nielsen 259
The Faith of Motherhood ..... Ann Young Hughes 262
So Much To Do ..... Grace M. Candland 271
The First Born ..... Abbie R. Madsen 282
Love's the Bond ..... Merling Dennis Clyde 288

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE GENERAL BOARD OF RELIEF SOCIETY

Editorial and Business Offices: 28 Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City 1, Utah, Phone 3-2741. Ex. 243. Subscription Price: $1.00 a year; foreign, $1.00 a year; payable in advance. Single copy, 10c. The **Magazine** is not sent after subscription expires. Renew promptly so that no copies will be missed. Report change of address at once, giving both old and new address.

Entered as second-class matter February 18, 1914, at the Post Office, Salt Lake City, Utah, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 8, 1917, authorized June 29, 1918. Manuscripts will not be returned unless return postage is enclosed. Rejected manuscripts will be retained for six months only. The **Magazine** is not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts.

MAGAZINE CIRCULATION, 68,000

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

VOL. 31, NO. 5 MAY 1944

YOUR SPRING AND MINE

Olive Maiben Nicholes

Has your spring come again? I see
The crocus bubbling in the grass;
Daffodils along the graveled walk,
Trumpeting gaily as we pass.
The crimson cups of tulips, there,
Holding the golden wine of rain
Poured from the alabaster
Vases of the clouds. A counterpane
Of dandelions of sunny slopes;
Iris unfurling sails; green trees;
Plumed lilacs—white, mauve, purple, pink—
Nodding atop their heart-shaped leaves,
Soft, snowy drifts of bridal veil;
Violets, hyacinths. Winds bring
The perfume from a thousand throats
To herald in your fragile spring.

Come; take your cloistered garden, fair;
The sundial's shadowed, quiet hours.
Give me the desert's surging spring—
The boisterous wind, the sweeping showers!
Miles of gay Persian carpets flung
Across each sandy hill and plain;
A wealth of rabbit brush—the gold,
Long sought—of old Cibola's fame.
The ancient crimson crags, blue skies—
Defying Tintoretto's skill.
Young buffalo grass—gossamer plumed;
Needled cacti starred against the hill—
Hues lost in old Granada's tombs.
Sage-cushioned slopes. Giant Joshua—
Concealed corsages on their breasts—
Uplift their grizzled arms to pray.
Verbena, primrose, Indian paint,
Sequined shad-scale; the waxen-white,
Cupped bloom of "God's own candlesticks,"
Lighting the purple, spangled night.

The Cover: The cover picture is from a photograph taken by Willard Luce. Cover arrangements are by Evan Jensen.

AFTER WORLD WAR I

From Germany, 17,889 sq. mi.

From Austria-Hungary, 30,914 sq. mi.

1. Curzon line, established as east boundary.

From Russia. From 1919-1939

Poles drive Reds out, 1921, establishing Pilsudski line.

2. Seized from Lithuania, 10,422 sq. mi.

3. Teschen, from Czechoslovakia after Munich, 1938, 405 sq. mi.

WORLD WAR II

4. Germany and Russia divide Poland approximately on old Curzon line. (Puppet government in Warsaw.)

This area once part of powerful Polish kingdom lost to Russia in 1772 partition of Poland by Russia, Prussia and Austria.

5 Frontier 1770.

Where Soviet armies crossed border, Jan., 1944.

The Polish Question

Dr. Leland Hargrave Creer

Head of the Department of History and Political Science, University of Utah

[This is the first in a series of articles by Dr. Creer to be published in the *Magazine* for the purpose of better informing *Magazine* readers with the historic background of some of the problems which will confront the delegates who will draw up the peace terms following World War II.—Ed.]

WHEN the Russian forces recently crossed the Pilsudski Line into Poland, they inadvertently resuscitated a boundary dispute which promises to revive the entire Polish Question. This question will be one of the most complex and crucial of all the problems on the agenda of the future World Peace Conference. The Poles have age-long feuds with the Lithuanians, the Germans, the Russians, and the Jews, involving minority problems, religious differences, complicated irredenta, economic maladjustments, and boundary disputes. Reduced to its simplest formula, the Polish Question resolves itself into the problem of survival as an independent state, or enslavement under enemy rule. The problem is complicated further from the fact that the immediate dispute involves Russia, a power that is destined to play a dominant role at the Peace Conference as one of the important, perhaps the most important, of the victorious allies. To understand this vitally important problem, it is necessary to examine in some detail the historical background of the Polish state.

The original kingdom of Poland, stretching roughly between the Oder and Vistula rivers, was founded by Boleslaw the Valiant about A.D. 1000. In the tenth century, the Poles, under German pressure, were converted to Western Christianity but their kings were able to maintain their independence in both ecclesiastical and secular affairs for about a century. Then, beginning in the twelfth century, the independence of the Poles became merely nominal, for their aggrandizing neighbors, especially the Hohenstaufen emperors, the Saxon and Bohemian kings, and, in the eighteenth century, the Russian Tsarina, Catherine the Great, succeeded in forcing upon the hapless country their own nominees as puppet kings. By the thirteenth century, Poland was cut off from the Baltic by the Teutonic Knights; Pomerania and Silesia were lost to the Germanic-Roman Empire, and German settlers by controlling trade were gradually transforming western Poland into a German homeland. Against this intrusion, the Poles reacted and enjoyed a two hundred year nationalistic renaissance. The brilliant Casimir the Great (1333-1370) conquered the Red Russian Kingdom of Galicia and established an efficient royal central administration. Late in the fourteenth century, Lithuania was united to Poland by personal union. At its largest extent (1500), the Polish Kingdom

including Lithuania comprised the basins of the Warta, Vistula, Dvina, Dnieper, and upper Dniester rivers.

Although a large state geographically, a variety of circumstances contributed to make Poland weak and unstable. In the first place, the kingdom was without natural boundaries or adequate means of defense. To the west, it was separated from Prussia and Austria by an artificial line drawn through level plains and over low hills. To the south, the Dniester, in the main, set it off from Turkey. To the east and the north, the boundary ran through the fertile valleys of the Dnieper and the Dvina. No chain of mountains and no strongly fortified places protected the Poles from the Germans, Turks or Russians.

The population of Poland was markedly heterogeneous, a factor which mitigated against the creation of a vigorous nationalism. The Poles themselves centering in the western cities of Warsaw and Cracow, constituted a majority of the population, but the Lithuanians, a kindred Slavic folk, covered the east central part of the kingdom. While a large number of Cossacks and Ruthenians or Little Russians lived in the extreme east, Swedes and Germans lived along the northern and western borders. Then there was a considerable number of Jews domiciled within the kingdom during the nineteenth century in what became known as the "Jewish Pale."

Religion added its share to the dissensions created by race and language within Poland. The Poles and most of the Lithuanians are staunch Roman Catholics. The Russians and some of the Lithuanians are adherents of the Greek Orthodox Faith, while the Germans and Swedes are Lutherans. The minority Protestants and Greek Orthodox Russians, thanks to the political strength of their homelands, were able to exact from the Poles a toleration and freedom of worship which at that time existed in no other country of Europe.

The decline of the Polish nation, however, is attributable mainly to its hopeless internal dissensions. These have been the result of a decadent social structure and a hopelessly ineffective political organization. In mediaeval Poland, about two-thirds of the Polish people were serfs—ignorant, squalid, politically indifferent, and apathetic. Incapable of possessing property, they were also devoid of political rights. The higher nobility, never numbering more than two hundred and always contesting the authority of the crown, were the real power within the state. The middle class of nobles consisted of about twenty-five thousand persons. The lower nobility, numbering more than one million, were an idle, ignorant class of people "who were shut out by their pride of birth from the thrift and comfort which they might have acquired by industry while the most insignificant of them could nullify the proceedings of the Polish Diet by his single veto." The remainder of the citizen population consisted of artisans, clergymen, and Jews. These numbered about 50,000 before 1800. They lived in wretched villages and were almost as completely subject to the oppression of the nobles as were the serfs themselves. Only Jews, artisans, and clergy were taxed.

Describing Polish society in the

eighteenth century, Professor Hayes says:

> Polish towns had sunk into relative insignificance, leaving the country without a numerous and wealthy middle class. The great nobles or magnates owned the lands, lived in luxury, selfishly looked out for their own interests, and jealously played politics, while the mass of the nation were degraded into a state of serfdom and wretchedness that would be difficult to parallel elsewhere in Europe. With a grasping, haughty nobility on the one hand, and an oppressed ignorant peasantry on the other, social solidarity, the best guarantee of political independence, was entirely lacking.

PERHAPS of all contemporary governments of Europe, that of the Poles was the most inefficient. Since the sixteenth century the monarchy had been elective, with the result that the electors chosen from among the higher nobility were able to wring out of their sovereigns pernicious bribes and unholy promises to such a degree as to make the kingship an ornamental figurehead. Most of the elected kings were foreigners, chiefly German princes from Bohemia and Saxony, who used their power in furtherance of their own native interests rather than that of the welfare of Poland.

Another absurdity of the Polish constitution was the celebrated *liberum veto*, a kind of gentleman's agreement among the magistrates, whereby no law whatsoever could be enacted by the Diet if a single member felt it was prejudicial to his interests, and objected. This principle had been extended so far that by the eighteenth century it was recognized that anyone of Poland's twenty-five thousand noblemen had the lawful right to refuse to obey any law which he disapproved. Obviously, this condition led to political anarchism.

The election of Stanislas Poniatowski, nominee of the Russian Tsarina, to the kingship in 1764, spelled disaster to the Poles and led immediately to the infamous partitions of 1772, 1793, and 1795. The king was unable to restrain the civil war which resulted from the opposition of the noble factions toward his election and the unrest caused by the parallel Russo-Turkish War.

Taking advantage of this chaotic situation, Frederick the Great of Prussia proposed to his ally Catherine the Great the nefarious scheme of partition. To maintain the balance of power, Marie Theresa, Empress of Austria, joined the unholy pact. By the first partition of Poland (1772), Russia absorbed Polish Livonia and the territories between the upper waters of the Dvina and the Dnieper; Germany obtained Polish Prussia, except Danzig and Thorn; while Austria secured Galicia, celebrated for its rich mines. Though Russia received the smallest and least populous portion of the stolen territory, the value of her share was enhanced by the industry and wealth of its inhabitants, while it also connected Prussia proper with Brandenburg.

The Poles, stunned by their tragic misfortune, attempted time and again to resuscitate themselves by enacting radical, political reforms, but the shameful and hypocritical attitude of their enemy neighbors, foiled every effort. Taking advantage of the French revolutionary wars which were engulfing all Europe, Russia and Prussia, in 1793, executed the second partition of Poland; and two years later, 1795, with

Austria invited to share the spoils, completed the dismemberment of the once formidable but now decadent and unhappy state.

In vain did the brilliant Kosciusko try to stem the tide of foreign invasion and spoliation. "Freedom shrieked when Kosciusko fell." By the second and third partitions, Austria acquired the upper valley of the Vistula with the important city of Cracow; Prussia took the lower valley of the Vistula with Warsaw; and Russia seized the remainder of the ill-fated kingdom, the major share, including Ruthenia and practically all of Lithuania.

Thus the once powerful Poland ceased to exist as an independent power. It was entirely blotted out of the list of independent nations—a victim to its own weakness and its internal dissensions, as well as, in the rapacity of its enemy neighbors, to one of the most audacious and disgraceful outrages in all history.

DESPITE the loss of independence, Polish nationalism was not extinguished. On the contrary it increased in intensity and expressed itself belligerently in the unhappy revolutions of 1831 and 1863 directed against the Russian autocrats. The Poles fought gallantly, but their defense was paralyzed, as usual, by the entire lack of national means of fortification and by bitter internal feuds. Then, too, they were overwhelmed by superior numbers and, moreover, were bereft of foreign help. Both Prussia and Austria, with portions of Poland of their own, were hostile to any independent Poland, while France and England hesitated to interfere lest their actions might upset the European equilibrium and precipitate a general war. As a result of the first revolution (1831), Czar Nicholas I abrogated the constitution of 1815 and incorporated the Polish Kingdom as a conquered province of the Russian Empire; as a result of the second (1863), Czar Alexander II subjected the unhappy Poles to increased persecution and unwarranted tyranny. Vigorous steps were taken to extinguish Polish nationalism. For example, the use of the Polish language was made illegal, and all teachers were compelled to use Russian—even when they were giving instructions in Polish literature and language. Public offices in Poland were closed to Poles, and, from 1885 to 1897, no Pole was permitted to sell land to a non-Russian. The Russian government deprived the Polish Catholic Church of much of its revenue and converted parish priests into salaried state officials. Moreover, many monasteries were suppressed and their property confiscated by the state. Worse still was the lot of the unfortunate Jews residing within Poland. In 1882, Czar Alexander II forbade the Jews to acquire land or enter into the liquor trade. The numbers eligible for secondary schools and universities were limited to three per cent of the total student bodies. In 1890, all Jews in Russia were forced to reside in designated towns in the so-called Jewish Pale, circumscribed within the limits of Esthonia, Ukraine, and Poland. Finally, the government refused to interfere in the many spontaneous pogroms directed against them by prejudiced Russians. In fact, it has been proved that governmental officials were accessories in

many of these cruel outbreaks, notably the massacre of Kishinev in 1903. So great, in fact, was the persecution against these people that despite the efforts of the government to keep them within their respective pales, some 300,000 Jews left Russia within a single year (1891).

It is not surprising that many patriotic Poles thought they discerned in the World War (1914-1918) the long-sought-for opportunity to set up a Polish national state. And thanks to the friendship of the Allies and the brilliant efforts of Polish leaders, Joseph Pilsudski and Ignace Jan Paderewski, this cherished dream came true. On November 16, 1918, Joseph Pilsudski, who had six days previously taken command of the Polish armies, announced to the world the existence of a new, independent Polish republic. The newly created state was recognized by the Treaty of Versailles, June 28, 1919, and by the Treaty of Riga, March 21, 1921. Pilsudski became chief of state and Paderewski, premier and minister of foreign affairs. Filled with expansionist ambitions and the desire for natural frontiers, Pilsudski sought to incorporate within the new state, Lithuania, the Ukraine, Galicia, part of the new Czechoslovakia, and as much more of Germany and Russia as he dared claim on ethnological, historical or sentimental grounds. As a result of this program, Poland fought three wars with Lithuania, the Ukraine, and Russia; disregarded the admonitions of the Allied Supreme Council which had advised against expansion; and ended by accepting (Treaty of Riga, 1921) the frontiers which gave her approximately 150,000 square miles rather than the 282,000 square miles which she had coveted. Of her final frontiers, in the words of one Polish statesman, "75 per cent were permanently menaced, 20 per cent were insecure, and only 5 per cent really safe."

Poland adopted a liberal constitution, in 1921, based upon the French model. It provided for an elective upper house called the *Senate*, and a lower house called the *Sejm*. Universal suffrage was established. But the first few years under the new regime were chaotic. Conservatives and radicals in Parliament were deadlocked, land reform lagged, the financial situation became critical, and widespread corruption prevailed. Matters became so bad that Pilsudski, already estranged from the president, Stanislaus Wajcieshowski, in May 1926, rallied three regiments about him, marched upon Warsaw, and established a dictatorship. Assuming the portfolio of minister of war, Pilsudski dictated Polish policies and established a new constitution. This new document changed the mode of election and strengthened considerably the powers of the executive. Hereafter, the president was to be chosen by popular vote, rather than by the National Assembly, from two candidates, the one selected by the retiring *Sejm* and the other by the retiring president. The new constitution gave the president full power to appoint and dismiss ministers, the head of the supreme court, and the commander-in-chief of the army; to decide on war and peace; to negotiate and ratify treaties; to dissolve the parliament at will; and to appoint one-third of the Senate of ninety-six

members. Refusing to accept the position of president, Pilsudski, as dictator, chose rather to control the government and its foreign policies behind the scenes as minister of war. The dictator died May 12, 1935, and was succeeded by his appointee, Inspector General Rydz-Smigly. General Sladowski, Rydz-Smigly's appointee, became premier in 1936, and held that portfolio until the German invasion, September 1939.

After the German invasion of Poland, the government officials left the country. President Ignace Mosicki from his refuge in Rumania announced his resignation, September 30, 1939, and was succeeded by Wladislaw Raczkiewiez, who immediately established Paris as the seat of government. Later, after the fall of France, he established his headquarters at London.

OF all problems affecting the future of Poland, the most crucial is that of national boundaries. In order to guarantee the Poles an adequate Baltic seaport, the Paris Peace Conference, in 1919, converted the German port of Danzig into a Free City, to be under the economic domination of Poland, but politically under the general supervision of the League of Nations. Poland was made responsible for the foreign relations of the city and the supervision of its commercial customs. It was stipulated further that the port was never to be used as a military or naval base without the previous consent of the League. Needless to say, the above arrangement resulted only in the most strained relations between the Danziger Germans and the Poles. During the first five years of the existence of the Free City, the League Commissioner handed down about fifty decisions and as many more have been appealed to the Council of the League and even to the World Court. The difficulty of drawing a line between economic and political matters, the traditional hatred between the two peoples, and the fear among the Danzigers that the Poles were contemplating direct annexation of the city, all tended to render the situation one of great danger.

Another point of friction has been the aroused jealousy of the Danzigers because of the building of the Polish port at Gdynia in the Corridor. From a mere fishing village, the Poles have built a seaport of 125,000 inhabitants with a harbor that can accommodate fifty steamships. Naturally, the inhabitants of Danzig are worried over an enterprise which promises to deflect their chief business, shipping, to a neighboring city.

The creation of the "Polish Corridor," a stretch of territory 260 miles long and eighty miles wide, formerly comprising the German provinces of West Prussia and Posen and containing the extremely important Vistula Valley, has caused no end of resentment from the dispossessed Germans. East Prussia today is virtually an island of German colonists, surrounded completely by Polish territory and separated from Pomerania by the Corridor. The transfer of this territory was justified by the Allies on the ground that the interests which Germans in East Prussia, who number less than 2,000,000, have in establishing a land connection with

Germany, are less vital than the interests of the whole Polish nation in securing direct access to the sea.

Through the creation of the Corridor, Poland became a complete economic unit. Germany, on the other hand, was weakened both economically and militarily in the Baltic area. The East Prussians found themselves deprived of a free market in the Corridor for their cattle, grain, timber, and horses. By agreement, in April 1921, Germany was granted freedom of transit for passengers and freight across the Corridor to and from East Prussia, but this arrangement has not been satisfactory for Germans who have desired to cross the area without passports and without the bother of submitting their possessions for customs inspection at both the East Prussian and Pomeranian frontiers, and have had to travel in "sealed" cars, a fact which has added materially to the discomfiture of travel. The Germans, too, have complained of the treatment accorded their minority group of perhaps 100,000 residing within the Corridor.

The question of the disposition of Vilna, ancient capital of Lithuania, has caused no end of ill-feeling between the Poles and the Lithuanians. The partitions of Poland in the late eighteenth century brought Vilna under Russian control, but after the Bolshevik Revolution of November 1917, the Lithuanians declared their independence and attempted to make Vilna their capital. Fighting ensued, and in January 1919, the Bolsheviks captured the city, only to be dislodged in turn by a Polish army. Despite the fact that the Supreme Allied Council assigned Vilna to Lithuania on December 8, 1919, and that Russia recognized this cession, July 12, 1920, the Poles refused to accept the mandate and continued their war with Russia. Finally, the Council of the League of Nations on February 23, 1923, recognized the Polish conquest and assigned Vilna to Poland. In the following month, the Conference of Ambassadors recognized this boundary as permanent. The Lithuanians, however, refused to accept the award. The problem was solved finally, in 1938, when, as a result of the killing of a Polish soldier across the Lithuanian border, the Poles presented the Lithuanians with a twenty-four hour ultimatum, demanding the restoration of diplomatic relations and the abandonment by Lithuania of all her claims to Vilna. Polish troops were forthwith massed on the border. With this turn of events the Lithuanian government accepted the Polish demands in full.

Border complications arose with Russia after the conclusion of the great World War (1914-1918). In 1919, the Paris Peace Conference recommended the so-called Curzon Line as Poland's eastern boundary. This line running directly south from the Lithuanian border through Brest-Litovsk, was drawn roughly on the ethnologic line separating the territory of ancient Poland, inhabited almost exclusively by Russians, from that to the west occupied predominately by Poles. It was far short, however, of the limits of eighteenth-century Poland. The Russians, at the time, were in no mood to accept the frontier and began a war, in 1920, to recover the Polish terri-

(*Continued on page 288*)

"Wist Ye Not That I Must Be About My Father's Business?"

President J. Reuben Clark, Jr.

VI—JESUS IN THE TEMPLE COURTS WITH THE DOCTORS

WE are now at the third day of the Passover—Unleavened Bread Feast, Nisan 16th.

As we have already noted, personal attendance was necessary on the first two days only of this seven-day-long feast. The first and the last of the feast days were "holy convocations"; the intermediate days were "half-holidays," or days of "minor festival" or "Moed Katon."[227]

On the first day, the Paschal lamb had been killed and eaten and the necessary burnt offering had been made; on the second day, Joseph had offered his peace offering or "festive sacrifice," and in the evening of that day (though strictly by Jewish reckoning, the beginning of the next day), the "first-sheaf" had been garnered and threshed and the omer of flour waved and offered to the Lord. These were the full essentials for which personal presence was required.

Joseph and Mary and Jesus were now free to return home, for "they had fulfilled the days." Did they so return or did they stay in Jerusalem till the Feast of Unleavened Bread was ended?

Scholars are not agreed on this point, some believing they did remain, others that they did not. While the matter does not seem to be one of final consequence, yet it has an interest and bearing as to the place in the Temple grounds where Jesus met the doctors, though this point is not of last importance, either, the one essential point being that He did meet the doctors and that He "astonished" them with both His "hearing them, and asking them questions."

Those scholars who interpret the statement, "when they had fulfilled the days" as meaning that Joseph and Mary remained the full days of the Feast, declare (some of them) that Jesus met the doctors in a synagogue that was on the Temple grounds, or (as others affirm) that He met them in a theological academy (Beth-ha-Midrash) that was within the Temple precincts.[228]

Edersheim critically examines these suggestions and concludes there is no historical evidence that a synagogue existed within the Temple enclosure and that if one did exist, the services therein held would not admit of the recorded incident of the interview between Jesus and the doctors. Edersheim also concludes there was no theological seminary in the enclosure and that if there had been Jesus would not have been admitted

227/ Edersheim I, p. 246; *The Temple*, pp. 215, 224 ff. 228/ Andrews, p. 108 ff.

thereto. On the other hand, he points out that the Talmud affirms "the members of the Temple-Sanhedrin, who on ordinary days sat as a Court of Appeal, from the close of the Morning—to the time of the Evening Sacrifice, were wont on Sabbaths and feast days to come out upon 'the Terrace' of the Temple, and there to teach. In such popular instruction the utmost latitude of questioning would be given. It is in this audience, which sat on the ground, surrounding and mingling with the Doctors—and hence during not after the Feast—that we must seek the Child Jesus."[229]

It is rather in the intimacy and informality of such a gathering as Edersheim describes, that we should expect to find the Youth. We shall in the rest of this article work on Edersheim's conclusions.

SO we come to the third day of the Feast, Nisan the 16th. We shall assume that Joseph and Mary began the return journey on this day. As we have already seen, in Palestine the first day of a journey was always a short one.[230] The morning would doubtless be spent in preparation for the home-going, in paying goodbye visits and saying farewell to friends. The returning pilgrims would start in the late afternoon, to escape the heat of the sun; they would expect to travel only six or eight miles. While perhaps not so great as when coming to the Passover (for then they had with them large numbers of sacrificial animals), nevertheless the confusion of the many streams of returning worshipers coming from various parts of the city and emptying into the few roads leading northward, the din from the shouts of the camel drivers and the muleteers, the screams of mothers whose children were in danger of being trodden underfoot, the shrieks of the children themselves, the loud greetings of village friends, now homeward-bound, meeting for the first time since they came to the Passover, the anxious calls of parents seeking to gather their families together, the braying of the donkeys, the laughter, the singing—all combined to make a tumult that would never be forgotten. As they went along the road, families would be constantly reunited as the older children, traveling for a time with friends, searched out their own parents and brothers and sisters. So the slow-moving multitude, unorganized and undirected, would creep steadily forward as the sun lowered and sank in the west, then on through the fast fading twilight, into the darkness, when flaring torches added to the picturesque weirdness of this plodding, on-marching mass—all winding like a giant, sluggish, flickering, dull-lighted glowworm over hills, down and out of ravines, around bluffs, until, the day's journey finished, camp was made, the evening meal eaten, and as the dying fires, casting huge, weird, shifting shadows, finally flickered out, quiet came and night and the stillness of the desert settled down over the weary mass.

Tradition gives Beer or El Birch (a town some ten miles northward

229/ Edersheim I, pp. 246-247; *ibid.* II, p. 742 App. X; Geikie, I, p. 225; Farrar's *Life of Christ*, p. 40; *The Relief Society Magazine*, v. 30, p. 718. 230/ *The Relief Society Magazine*, v. 30, p. 718; Andrews, p. 109.

from Jerusalem) as the site of the first stop of the returning pilgrims. Edersheim, however, is quoted as saying the first stop was made at Sichem, "if the direct road north through Samaria was taken."[231]

Remembering that Jesus was now a "son of the law," entitled to wear if not wearing the Tephillin or phylacteries,[232] we can realize that He would not be under such strict supervision as when younger; He would be given greater responsibility and allowed greater freedom. Furthermore, maturity comes earlier in the tropics and near-tropics than with us, and Jesus would probably be allowed many privileges that amongst us would come three or four years later. It is not strange, therefore, that His absence from the group was not detected until the evening camp was reached, when Joseph and Mary found Him not "among their kinsfolk and acquaintance." Then they returned to Jerusalem to find Him.

Authorities are not a unit on the question of the period covered by the expression "after three days they found him in the temple." Was the day of departure from Jerusalem the first, the day of their return to Jerusalem the second, and the day of their finding Him in the Temple the third; or was the day of their return the first, a day of searching the second, and the day He was found the third? "Some with much less probability, count three days from the day of their return."[233] However, this point has no real apparent importance, save as giving ground for the show of impatience and the mild reproof of the mother, not Joseph, when the Youth was finally found.

THERE can be no doubt that Jesus had been deeply stirred by what He had seen and heard and done on this His first participation in the Temple sacrifices and ceremonies of the Passover. As we have gone forward in these articles, we have, from time to time, raised the question as to how much Jesus was conscious of the past of which He was the directing power, and with what fulness did He foresee the future. The events we shall now recount leave little reasonable doubt that He remembered, in part at least, the past and foresaw at least some of the future. It can hardly be questioned that while His mortality put Him under limitations (when they were not consciously thrown off) yet that mortality and its limitations did not dominate His divinity.

That Jesus deliberately planned to stay behind when the others went, can admit of little question. The record has no suggestion that His failure to go with Joseph and Mary was either a matter of chance or accident. Yet the episode given to us shows His remaining in Jerusalem was not from the wilful desire of the Youth for mere adventure. He may have wished to see the remainder of the Feast, yet remembering His divinity and its attendant knowledge this could hardly have been a controlling reason. One cannot escape the feeling that notwithstanding His attendance at the Feast, He yet had work now to do in the Temple, that He knew He

231/ Andrews, p. 109. 232/ Geikie V. I, p. 225. 233/ Andrews, p. 109.

must now begin to "be about his Father's business." He must make His beginning.

We would be interested to know where He lodged during the days Joseph and Mary sought Him. If He had lodged with friends or relatives of Jerusalem and its vicinity, they could have told the searchers at once where He could be found, and there would have been no need for the long seeking; so it seems unlikely He lodged with them.

It may be that, as He returned to the Temple the first day without Joseph, Jesus may have met there friends who were remaining for the entire Feast week—friends either from home or friends whom He had made during His attendance at the Feast; these may have cared for Him, for as already pointed out, everyone made a point of generous hospitality on the occasion of this great Feast. Or He may have gone at once on the first day to the doctors—He must have seen them holding their interviews with visitors during the two days He was at the Temple with Joseph. This thought certainly has some reason behind it. If He did so, the doctors, struck with His wisdom and intrigued with His intellectual powers, might have wished to probe His mind, and so have arranged to have Him lodge with some of them. Or did the priests at the Temple care for Him, as a kind of youth—waif, left or lost by his parents as they started homeward? Or did the angels care for Him as in the later days of the Temptation—"and, behold, angels came and ministered unto him."[234]

"AFTER three days they found him in the temple, sitting in the midst of the doctors, both hearing them, and asking them questions." There is no indication as to where Joseph and Mary might have begun their search for Him. But we may feel sure they would first go to the place where they had lodged, and then to other relatives or friends, and then perhaps to likely quarters in the city itself. At any rate the Temple was the last place they searched.

But the search for Him in the Temple itself must have been difficult. And as the record is wholly silent in the matter we may indulge our fancy as to how and where Joseph and Mary may have spent the third day seeking for Jesus in the Temple enclosure.

Always there were groups of people attending the morning and evening sacrifices, and these now would be greatly enlarged by the numbers of Passover pilgrims who were remaining to finish out the full days of the Feast of Unleavened Bread.

So as Joseph and Mary again crossed the Royal Tyropoeon Bridge and came through the great arch into the Temple precincts, they would again come into a seething, jostling multitude of worshipers, of animals to be sacrificed, and of money changers, dove vendors, and the like—all congregated in the Court of the Gentiles. To find a youth in this milling mass would be an almost hopeless task. So we may believe they would first walk through the stately corridors of the Royal Porch along the south wall of the Temple enclosure, on the chance

234/ Matt. 4:11; Mark 1:13.

they would find Him in the cool shades of the Porch. But they would not find Him there, so they might have gone on looking for Him in the cool shadows under the pillared canopy of Solomon's Porch, along the east wall of the Temple.—It was here at a Feast of the Dedication, that, years later, Jesus parried the demand of the Jews that He tell them plainly whether He was the Christ.[235]

But Jesus would not be here, and they might well then have sought Him in the Court of the Women, the farthest point toward the Temple to which Mary might go except she were upon a sacrificial errand.[236] For in this Court there was a simple colonnade, and galleries for the women, which might give relief from the heat of the blazing sun.—It was in this Court that years later Jesus saw the widow cast her mite into the treasury of the Temple and declared: "This poor widow hath cast more in, than all they which have cast into the treasury: for all they did cast in of their abundance; but she of her want did cast in all that she had, even all her living."[237]

As indicated above, since Mary was with Joseph when they found Jesus, and since Mary could not, on this non-sacrificial errand, go nearer the Temple than into this Court, it is clear Jesus was not in the Court of Israel, nor in the Court of the Priests holding His discussions with the doctors, and of course He was not actually in the Temple itself to which only Priests were admitted and they only for ceremonial purposes.

Not finding Jesus in the Court of the Women, Mary and Joseph would have no place to resume their search except in the Court of the Gentiles.

So, it may have been that, as a last resort, they would begin to move about among the crowds in the Court of the Gentiles.—It was from this Court that Jesus twice drove the money changers,[238] and here it probably was that He confounded the scribes and pharisees who, tempting and baiting Him, brought to Him the woman taken in adultery.[239]

Tired as Joseph and Mary were, after a long day in the heat and confusion of the Temple crowds, one can see them involuntarily moving into the less crowded areas of the Court. So they would come to the ornamental marble balustrade with its Greek and Latin inscriptions warning gentiles not to go within it toward the Temple on pain of death. Inside the balustrade were eight separate flights of fourteen steps, each nine inches high (four flights on the north side of the Temple and four on the south side), each flight leading upwards to a gate in the inner Temple wall, through which admission was gained into the Court of the Priests. These steps seemingly led to a terrace, some 15 feet broad,[240] that entirely encircled the inner Temple wall, and from this terrace there was entry through the gates immediately into the Court of the Priests. This is

235/ John 10:22 ff. 236/ *The Temple*, p. 25. 237/ Mark 12:41 ff; Luke 21:1-4. 238/ John 2:13-25; Matt. 21:12-16; Mark 11:15-18; Luke 19:45-48. 239/ John 8:1-11. 240/ *The Temple*, p. 24.

the "Chel" of the Temple. It was here, so Edersheim says, that the members of the Temple-Sanhedrin came to teach on Sabbaths and Feast days. We do not know whether these teachers met at a particular place every day, or whether they met at different places on different days, or whether their place of meeting varied during each day with the position of the sun—the teachers seeking the "Chel" on the north side in the hot afternoons where the shadow of the Temple would give a welcome relief from the direct rays of the sun.

It would be reasonable to assume that at least part of the time they would meet on the "Chel" just outside the "Gazith," or "Hall of Polished Stones," which was a chamber within the inner wall and just east of the third gate, counting from the west, on the south side of the Temple.[241] This was the room in which the Sanhedrin sat.—According to some authorities it was to this chamber that Jesus was brought on the morning of the crucifixion, for the final and only legal hearing which Christ had at the hands of the Jews;[242] but other authorities affirm that it was not held in the "Gazith."[243]

Those coming to the Temple entered at the southwest corner of the Temple enclosure, having passed over the Royal Tyropoeon Bridge, and through the great arch. They then went east, thence northward around the Court of the Women, and thence westward and out through the gate at the northwest corner of the Temple enclosure.

So it might be that Joseph and Mary would decide as a last hope to go back to the west end of the "Chel" and going eastward follow it around to the exit on the northwest.

THE record says they found Jesus "after three days." It must now have been near the end of this third day. Joseph and Mary were weary, anxious, almost despairing, after hours of straining eyes and vain enquiries. They must often, in these three long days, have spoken of the thoughtlessness of the Youth. They may have censured Him, for almost irritation would have come to each of them—the patient, righteous Joseph, and Mary the Mother, as they walked and walked and watched, hour after hour, for the lost Youth.

As Joseph and Mary would walk eastward, then northward, in front of the Beautiful Gate, the entrance to the Court of Women, and to the Temple proper, then westward, along the "Chel," around the outside of the inner Temple wall, they would scan carefully the crowd below them in the Court of the Gentiles for some glimpse of the missing Boy. They would go forward slowly, probably paying little attention to those who might be in front of them on the "Chel" itself. So, we may think, Joseph and Mary would pass on till they came to the shadow of the Temple falling across the terrace on the north side of the building, when, suddenly, they would come upon a quiet group, craning forward with intense interest, absorbed in their eager listening to a youthful voice, speaking in terms of

241/ *The Temple*, pp. 30, 136. 242/ Farrar, p. 470. 243/ Andrews, p. 512; Edersheim II, p. 553 ff.

Son, why hast thou thus dealt with us? behold, thy father and I have sought thee sorrowing.

And he said unto them, How is it that ye sought me? wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?—Luke 2:48-49.

authority and of deep learning and wisdom; and as they came to the group, the searchers were "amazed," for there in the midst of the doctors was Jesus whom they had sought for three long, anxious days—"amazed" at finding Him in this place, in this company, in this relationship to the learned and mighty ones of the nation.

The Sacred Record does not tell us of the subjects the doctors discussed with Jesus; it merely says: "and all that heard him were astonished at his understanding and answers." But in the Apocryphal New Testament[244] it is recorded that Jesus taught the "doctors and elders and learned men of Israel" concerning His Messiahship, "the books of the law, and precepts and statutes; and the mysteries which are contained in the books of the prophets; things which the mind of no creature could reach"; also concerning astronomy, physics, and natural philosophy, and metaphysics. But all this is tradition.

But Joseph and Mary, coming thus suddenly upon Him, and seeing Him safe and well, had uppermost in their minds only a sense of overwhelming relief and gratitude, whetted by a resentment of their needless poignant anxiety and sorrow at His long absence, and so His mother, not Joseph, broke forth in such reproof as she could offer to the hitherto perfect Son: "Son, why hast thou thus dealt with us? behold, thy father and I have sought thee sorrowing."

And the Son, unabashed, unchastised, unafraid, with the calm dignity of the divinity that was His, replied to this reproof with a question—in the after years of His ministry this answering a question by a question, was to be a favorite shield against His scheming, hypocritical inquisitors. To Mary the Mother He said: "How is it that ye sought me? wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?"

Then says the Record: "And they understood not the saying which he spake unto them."

BUT we of today, with the history of the earthly ministry of Christ before us, in Palestine, and on this hemisphere, with the knowledge of His pre-mortal existence, and His post-mortal resurrected place and work, we may perceive, in part at least, the truths that lay in and behind these sayings.

From Mary's statement "thy father and I have sought thee sorrowing," we may glimpse that in the intimacies of the family circle at Nazareth, Jesus gave to Joseph the love and respect of a son, and called him father. But Jesus knew that Mary knew and that Joseph knew better than this, and so came the saying "wist ye not that I must be about *my Father's* business?"

Some have judged these words as if falling from the lips of a wholly mortal child, and so have found in them a rebuke from the Son to His mother. But this could not be, for the Christ Child could not be unkind. With divine knowledge and wisdom He brought in simple language to Joseph and to Mary the recollection that He was the Son of God, which, for the moment at least,

244/ I Infancy 21:1 ff.

seems to have passed from their minds.

BUT there was more in the saying than was known to Joseph and Mary. There was the consciousness in Jesus not alone of who He was but of His mission here on earth. He knew that centuries before God had declared to Moses: "For behold, this is my work and my glory—to bring to pass the immortality and eternal life of man."[245] This was His "Father's business," and He "must be about it."

Thus there must have been before Him the whole divine design framed in the great Council in Heaven before the world was formed. He must have remembered when the hosts, gathered together in Heaven, determined: "We will go down, for there is space there, and we will take of these materials, and we will make an earth whereon these may dwell;" —these children of God who were to take on mortality and "prove themselves" to see "if they will do all things whatsoever the Lord their God shall command them."[246]

And if that recollection came, another would come also—that of the rival plans offered by Himself and Lucifer, a son of the morning, and the choice of His own plan. And then would surge up in His mind the recollection of the rebellion in Heaven, the casting out of Lucifer and his followers—a third of the hosts of Heaven, and the creation of the earth by Himself—for "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. The same was in the beginning with God. All things were made by him; and without him was not any thing made that was made . . . . And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us . . . ."[247] He would remember the peopling of the earth, beginning with Adam, and Adam's Fall, and the need for an Atonement and a Redeemer of men from the mortal death of the Fall, and His own choice as this Redeemer, "the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world."[248] He must have recollected the long course of God's dealings with His children, their waywardness, and proneness to evil, that they came "to be carnal, sensual and devilish."[249] He knew how the Father, through Himself, had sought to bring them to lives of righteousness, how He had through all the dispensations proclaimed the Gospel to men, how He had given them the law under which Judah and Joseph then lived—no wonder He astounded the doctors with His knowledge of the law. He knew, too, the work He was to do, He saw its problems, its hardships, its persecutions, and it must be His ultimate sacrifice. He seems to have been deeply touched by His visit to the Temple and His witnessing the rites and ceremonies typifying His own mission and destiny, by His observance of the hypocrisy and corruption of the priesthood, by His consciousness of how the people were misled to their condemnation, by His appreciation of how much there was to do and how little the time to do it—yet with all these things before Him, as it would seem

245/ Moses 1:39. 246/ Abraham 3:24 ff. 247/ John 1:1-3, 14. 248/ Moses 7:47. 249/ Moses 5:13.

they must have been, how careful and considerate, how dutiful He was, when to the trivial complaint (for trivial it was in view of all this) of His mother, He uttered the single sentence that proclaimed His divinity and His task—"wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?"

But the divinity that was in Him, told Him also, under the spur of the mother's mild rebuke, that His time had not yet come, that there was mortal preparation for Himself yet to make, that the minds of men must be further ripened, both in sympathy for truth and in hatred for Him and love for the works of Satan, that the work of John the great Forerunner must yet be done that the hearts of men might be fallowed for the real beginning of His ministry. So "he went down with them, and came to Nazareth, and was subject unto them."

Again He became the dutiful Child obeying the behests of Joseph the carpenter,[250] until He, Himself, was also known as the Carpenter.[251]

But while Joseph and Mary "understood not the saying which he spake unto them," yet "his mother kept all these sayings in her heart." Years after, at the marriage feast in Cana, she showed she had come more to realize who He was, and His divine powers, for when they wanted wine she said unto the servants, after telling Jesus about it, "whatsoever he saith unto you, do it."[252]

So to Nazareth where the grain fields were now yellowed with ripened crops, the hills and valleys still covered with wild flowers; to Nazareth among the white rocks and cliffs splotched with green, with goats and sheep lazily grazing on the warm hillsides; to Nazareth with the houses climbing row on row up and out from the little valley floor, to the brink of the cliff from which His neighbors would one day seek to cast Him down; to Nazareth, quiet, unperturbed, with its slender cypresses and fig trees, and the evenness, frugality, and wholesomeness of a village life dominated by the presence of divinity—to this Nazareth came Joseph and Mary and Jesus who "increased in wisdom and stature, and in favour with God and man" against the day and hour of His destiny.

THE END

250/ Matt. 13:55. 251/ Mark 6:3. 252/ John 2:1-11.

PASSOVER

Veneta Leatham Nielsen

God of all universes, should some gracious day,
Mantling in peace the shuddering sky until it's blue again,
Enfold within a natural dream of healing love
This wounded little, weary little, earth—this errant city—

Be mindful of your angel powerfully winged: Engroove
Deep on his heart the seal of your divinest pity—
Lock on his hands the manacles of mercy, Lord.
Set on his sable shoulder your whitest breasted dove.

And if again he sweep this place delivered newly from his sword
Guide him to pass by swiftly—to pass over, high above—
Seeing the smears of lamb blood, where they burn and bite and smoulder
Dark on our blasted lintel, and spattered sill, and board.

This I Know To Be True

Leone G. Layton

And I say unto you, if my people observe not this law, to keep it holy, and by this law sanctify the land of Zion unto me, that my statutes and my judgments may be kept thereon, that it may be most holy, behold, verily I say unto you, it shall not be a land of Zion unto you—(Doc. & Cov. 119:6).

THE land of Zion has always been a place of peace, a haven of refuge to the Latter-day Saint. There dwell the "pure in heart," those who love the Lord and desire to do His will and keep His commandments; there, in very deed, is a place where a mother may bring up her children under ideal conditions that they may be the recipients of the blessings every mother desires for her children. All through scriptural history we read of the struggle of various peoples to attain this desired land, the place that should be Zion unto them. Some have gained it, but many have not had strength to follow the directions, and so have failed. In the directions given us in our day, we read that the observance of the law of tithing is essential in the gaining of this Zion, the place where the pure in heart may dwell.

It has been my observation that in most cases those who take pleasure in conforming with this law are those who have been taught it in their homes in early childhood, those whose mothers have been believers and doers, who have taught it to their children straightly and solemnly. It is such an easy law to teach children. There are no "if's," no "buts" to trouble childish minds —*just one-tenth of what you earn belongs to Heavenly Father for His work.* The smallest child can comprehend that. Heavenly Father is very close to most children, His blessings very real, and His protecting arm very near. They will gladly give unto Him His portion, if provided with the opportunity by their parents. There are so few things here on earth that one can teach positively to children, and say, "This I know to be right, and this I do." Here we know absolutely that if we are giving our Father opportunity to bless us, He is bound by law to do so. Perhaps the greatest blessing that can come from tithe paying is the knowledge within that we have complied fully with one of Father's commandments in return for the great good we have received from Him.

I have known mothers who have thoughtlessly deprived their children of this blessing. Ofttimes we hear of needless friction between husband and wife on this very subject. One wife who had been brought up in a home where this principle was strictly believed and practiced, married a man who had not had this advantage. They started on their rosy road to happiness like all young couples, sure that it lay ahead for them, but soon debt reared its ugly head, babies came, and responsibilities grew. The wife was troubled; she could see no way out, and the thought was constantly on her mind that they were not giving of their means to Heavenly

Father, so how could they ask His help with the necessary faith. She tried to have her husband see the thing she believed, but each time, just as she felt she was making progress, his mother would say, when he spoke of the payment of tithing to her, "Oh, I don't think the Lord expects you youngsters to pay tithing. You are paying for your house and are so far in debt." So they go on, getting further and further in Heavenly Father's debt. If that mother realized what she was doing in that home, she would be horrified. True oneness cannot be in any home where husband and wife are not in accord and where that which should bring them closer together becomes a barrier between them. There is always the consciousness of one subject that cannot be agreed upon. The influence of parental teachings does not stop with one home, but reaches through the generations. What misery for any grandmother to know, that through her omission, her grandchildren are being brought up in an atmosphere of controversy on this important question.

The greatest testimony to me of the rightness of the commandment of tithing comes in observing the lives of those who comply with it. Contrast the picture of the family mentioned above with another family who has a feeling of absolute security in the blessings of Heavenly Father. I have heard the father of this second family bear witness, time and again, that though they had absolutely nothing to start with, reverses and sickness at times, yet through the payment of honest tithes they had never felt actual want. The children of this home have been taught the commandments of the Lord from their earliest youth, and no one can be in their company without partaking of the peace and serenity of their absolute faith and trust in the Lord. Recently this family decided that because of the great blessings that had been given them, the father should fill a mission, bringing to others the opportunity for eternal joys and satisfactions such as they had found.

LATTER-DAY SAINT parents are told very definitely their responsibilities regarding the teaching of their children. They must teach their children "to pray, and to walk uprightly before the Lord" (Doc. & Cov. 68:28). How can we teach our children to "walk uprightly before the Lord" if they have not been taught to observe His tithe? We all know from experience that those lessons learned early in childhood stay with us long. The child whose mother has taught faith and trust in the Lord through the payment of tithes will always remember her teachings, no matter what he does; they will remain in his mind. Other valuable lessons come to our children as companions to this law. They learn the joys of giving, of knowing that through their efforts others may be blessed. They know they have helped build the church they meet in; their pride in it is great and they will help keep it clean. They learn to plan the spending of their money, to keep the tithe for the purpose intended, and to be thrifty. They learn the value of organization; that working together, people can accomplish great works. The fruits of tithing are well worth cultivation.

Heavenly Father tells us also of parents who are not pleasing unto Him. He says He is "not well pleased with the inhabitants of Zion, for there are idlers among them; and their children are also growing up in wickedness; they also seek not earnestly the riches of eternity, but their eyes are full of greediness" (Doc. & Cov. 68:31). We know that the land is not a land of Zion unto them.

The greatest satisfaction that can come to any mother is to see her children striving to live according to the light of the Gospel, to know that their feet are planted firmly in the path of righteousness, to know that they can go forth among those whose beliefs and practices are different from theirs and stand firmly upon the principles they know to be true because they have tested them and found their worth. She enjoys peace of mind even in troubled times because of the purity of her children's hearts. What mother could be so shortsighted that she does not early provide opportunity for her child to test and find for himself the worth of paying his tithes. What mother wants to know that because of her lack of teaching, her child can never know Zion, the refuge of the pure in heart?

Let us gain this testimony for ourselves and teach it to our children with such absolute conviction that they, too, can stand firm against the powers of darkness, saying, "This I know to be true, and this I do!"

THE FAITH OF MOTHERHOOD

Ann Young Hughes

Her window frames
A golden star tonight,
And valor wreaths a hero with its light.
She marked the star
That guided him from birth
Through joyous years
Of sweet disordered mirth,
And does not cry
Because he found a nobler way to die.
Twin agonies of birth and death have swept
All laughter from her lips, but she has kept
The faith of motherhood,
Because her son
Competed for a golden star—and won.

Lissa's Song

Mary Ek Knowles

WHEN Lissa North walked up on Sharon's front porch, Sharon and Eunice quickly hid something behind them and sat very still on the porch swing, their faces flushed, eyes gazing at the ceiling. Then Sharon saw who it was.

"Oh, it's only Lissa!" she laughed and brought out the vanity scarf she had been embroidering. "We thought it was my *mother!*"

Eunice sighed with adult exasperation as she bent over the last rambler rose on a pillow case. Eunice was red-haired and thin-faced. She talked in a high shrill voice. "Tomorrow is Mother's Day, and this is the *last* chance we have to finish our mothers' presents . . . "

Lissa saw Sharon nudge Eunice, but Eunice chattered on, " . . . have we had a time. To keep them from finding out, I mean. You know how mothers are, Lissa, and . . . "

Lissa stood quite still before them, a slim, brown-eyed girl in a plaid dress, thick dark braids hanging down her back. Sudden remembering was a sharp pain that made her face go white beneath the sprinkling of freckles. Last year she had given mother a sampler. All done in cross stitch, GOD BLESS OUR HOME. She had gone to grandmother's every day after school to work on it. Daddy had framed the sampler, and mother had hung it in her bedroom. "I want to see it the minute I open my eyes," she had said. "It is so beautiful, Lissa!"

Sharon took a cookie from the pocket of her dress and held it out. Lissa read sympathy in her blue eyes. "Here's a cookie, Lissa. It's got nuts in it."

Lissa said, "Oh, thanks, Sharon!" She sank even white teeth into the cookie and it was like cotton in her mouth.

"Are you going to sing in church tomorrow?" Eunice scarcely paused for breath between sentences. "Gee, I wish I had a swell voice like yours. You can reach all the high notes. I can't even sing above E. And you can hit high C just as easy. Which song are you going to sing, Lissa?"

"I'm going to sing, 'Little Mother.' " Lissa thought, I must sing because I promised mother I would. But can I do it? Tomorrow she would see the front benches filled with mothers all smiling and pretty in their new spring hats. *Only her mother wouldn't be there.* There would just be daddy sitting by himself. Would the notes stick in her throat! What if she should break down and cry before them all!

Tomorrow was the day that was to have meant so much.

"Mother, they have asked me to sing a solo for Mother's Day program," she had told her mother that day. How very long ago it seemed! "And I'd like to. But I just couldn't. I'd be so frightened."

Mother had taken Lissa in her arms and her blue eyes had been tender. "Frightened! Nonsense. You are going to sing that song, you are going to stand up there and let everyone hear what I hear in your voice. I'll help you learn the song. We'll practice every day. And you'll give a real performance.

Promise me, Lissa. No matter how difficult it is, that you will sing—for *me* on Mother's Day."

And Lissa, catching her mother's enthusiasm, had promised, "I'll do it, Mother. I will!"

But that had been almost two months ago. And since then—tears welled up within Lissa, and she held her breath until the tears settled in a soggy lump in her chest. When you were twelve, you were a young lady and you didn't cry every time someone looked at you. You ran and skated and played hard until you were so tired you didn't have time to think, and you fell asleep the moment your head touched the pillow. And you pretended. You pretended that mother was away on a trip, that you and daddy were staying with grandmother until mother came back. But tomorrow there would be no pretending. Tomorrow was *her* day and she wouldn't be there.

Suddenly, with an intensity that was frightening, Lissa wanted to go to her mother, to stand by her grave and talk to her. She could not bear to stay here, trying to act as if everything were all right.

She said, "I'll see you later, Kids." She walked down the steps and up the street half a block to grandmother's house and opened the front door. She walked through the rooms calling, "Grandmother!" There was no answer. She remembered then that grandmother had gone to town. She listened for daddy's restless pacing in the room above, but she heard nothing. She was glad. She couldn't bear to talk even to daddy right now.

She went into the dining room to get her red purse off the buffet. The thought came to her that grandmother's house was nice. It was big and substantial and quiet with a scrubbed, polished stillness. *But it wasn't home!* All at once there in the high-ceilinged room with its dark woodwork and starched lace curtains she longed for the house on Hilltop Drive with a longing that brought quick tears to her eyes. She missed the silver poplars, and the view of the city at night from the living room windows. Oh, she wanted to go home!

We could hire Mrs. Taylor to keep house for us. Lissa's heart beat faster. Then I could have my own room, and I could listen to the radio programs without having grandfather say, "I'm reading my newspaper, Lissa. Turn it off." And I could get my lovebirds, Romeo and Juliet, from Aunt Grace. Grandmother's tabbycat would eat them here. And daddy would have his library of books. Maybe he'd study and go on with his work. And things would be *almost* as they used to be.

Lissa's heart slowed its beating. She shook her head. It was no use. Daddy wouldn't go back. The day of mother's funeral he had turned the key in the lock, and he'd taken the key and thrown it as far as he could into the valley. They had come here to live. And daddy had changed so. For days at a time he stayed in his room, and when he did come out, he just sat in the big leather chair in the front room, his shirt soiled, with no tie, and his face needing a shave. He seldom went out, and then he drove his car too fast. And many times Lissa would waken in the night to hear daddy pacing back and forth.

Lissa knew what people were say-

ing, "Oh, yes," they said. "Paul North is brilliant, all right. He has the makings of a great lawyer, but he's unstable. Look how he has gone to pieces since Anna's death. Always did say she was his backbone. Paul North is finished, washed up!"

Lissa knew that wasn't true. Daddy was smart and wonderful all by himself. It was just that daddy had been so very much in love with mother, and her death had been so sudden. If only daddy can get over this bad spot, Lissa thought, he'll be all right. Someday he'll be a great statesman just as mother dreamed he would be.

Lissa wrote a note telling grandmother she would be back soon; she took her red purse and left. She missed the bus. In her eagerness she could not wait for another one.

She broke into a trot, her long braids bobbing up and down, and then she slowed to a fast walk, her breath coming fast between her teeth. It was almost a mile to the cemetery, and by the time she reached there it was early evening and her legs ached from hurrying.

She stood for a hesitant moment before the open gate with its archway of wrought iron that said, "Sherman City Cemetery," and she remembered that other time she had been here—a cold day in March and the long line of cars, headlights shimmering in the rain.

Now she walked slowly through the gate and the only sound was the wind as it blew through the trees that bordered the main road. Lissa raised her head. Why, they were silver poplar trees. Silver poplars had been her mother's favorite tree.

"Listen, Lissa," she would say, "the poplars are telling a story."

"What are they saying?"

"Can't you hear? Listen! They are telling the story of a little girl who was afraid of the dark. Imagine being afraid of the dark!" Then mother would tell the most wonderful story, all about this little girl. And as Lissa listened she could feel the warmth and friendliness of darkness. Or the story would be about a little girl who cried when things went wrong. Strangely enough the little girl was always very much like Lissa.

Lissa winced. Again remembering was sharp pain. It would come upon her suddenly, piercing the numbness.

Lissa walked deeper into the cemetery. This was like a city with a main street, and avenues, and street signs and everything. A city of graves. *Mother lives on Third Avenue in the middle of the block.*

She stood by her mother's grave, the red purse clutched tight in her hands. "Mother," she called softly. She listened hard for an answer. That last night mother had promised, "I'll never leave you, Lissa. Never!" But she had, she *had*. "Oh, Mother, Mother!" The white marble headstone swam before Lissa's eyes. There was no answer but the wind wailing through the poplars.

Lissa lifted her head and her breath caught in her throat. All about was a stillness that grew and grew until she could hear it in the pounding of her heart. Dark shadows lengthened and stood waiting. Lissa brushed the tears away with a trembling hand. "Mother!" The name was a frightened whisper now. The trees moaned, "She's dead, Lissa . . . she can't hear you . . ."

Lissa turned and ran out of the cemetery, away from the shadows, and the stillness, away from her mother.

When she reached grandmother's house, the lights were turned on. Lissa opened the front door. Grandmother called from the kitchen, "Lissa, is that you?"

"Yes, Grandmother." There was the odor of food cooking, but Lissa wasn't hungry. She wanted to go to her room, and shut the door. Then the door at the top of the stairs opened, and daddy came down.

Lissa stood and watched him. There was a bronze bust of Thomas Jefferson in the Public Library. Somehow Lissa always thought of daddy when she looked at it. But daddy didn't look like Jefferson now. His eyes were blurred, his face was unshaven. He held to the banister and his step was not steady.

"Lissa!" He took her in his arms. Lissa turned her face from the smell she had come to hate. "Where have you been? I've been half crazy with worry!"

Daddy's arms about her were tender. Lissa looked up at him. She wanted to tell daddy where she had been, she wanted to tell him what had happened, but there was a look in daddy's eyes, sort of as if he already knew where she had been, as if he had been there himself.

Lissa smiled a stiff little smile. "Oh," she said, "I was just over to Susan Huxley's." Sometimes you had to tell a lie, a little white lie. And the organist's name had been the first one she could think of.

"Are you going to sing tomorrow, Lissa?" daddy asked.

Oh, no, Daddy! she wanted to cry, I can't do it! I promised mother I would sing for her on Mother's Day, but she won't be there, she can't hear me. I can't do it. I *can't*.

Daddy seemed to read her thoughts, and he smiled a crooked, funny, little smile as if he were saying, we're no good without her, are we, Lissa? Why try?

Lissa thought, maybe daddy wants to go back to our white house, maybe he wants to be a great lawyer like mother wanted him to be, but maybe he can't do it, anymore than I can sing. But maybe—the thought held her like a steady hand—maybe if I could sing, then maybe daddy....

"Why, of course I'm going to sing." She held her chin stiff to keep her lips from trembling. "That's what mother wanted me to do. I promised her I would."

Daddy took hold of her face with his big hands and he looked into her eyes. "If you can do that, Lissa, if you, a child, can stand up there...." His voice choked off. He turned and went slowly upstairs.

THE chapel was crowded and brightly decorated with ferns and spring flowers. There was that low hum of voices like bees in the sun that always precedes a service.

Lissa sat on the first bench next to the open window. Her white pique suit was freshly laundered, her dark hair had been brushed until the thick braids shone glossy in the sunlight. Lissa held the printed program tightly in her hands, and she half turned her head. It was just as she had known it would be, the front benches in the center section filled with mothers all smiling and dressed in their very best.

Always before, Lissa had loved

Mother's Day. She had glanced over at her mother and thought, that's my mother. The most beautiful one of all! Lissa turned quickly away now and looked out the window, a hurting pressure in her throat.

Outside was a garden, tulips, hyacinths, and a row of silver poplars. Lissa tried to hear a story in the murmur of the leaves, but there was no story now, just wind in the trees on a May day. She said to herself the words of the song she was to sing:

> Little Mother, Mutterchen,
> There's no other, Mutterchen,
> Although I know that we are far apart,
> Nothing can take—

Hot tears stung her eyelids. In that moment, she knew she could not sing those words, not with mother dead! She would slip out the side door, now, before the services began. She half rose in her seat. She saw daddy directly across from her on the other side of the chapel. His face was clean shaven, and he was wearing the white shirt and maroon tie that had been mother's favorite. Against the light, he looked almost like the bronze bust of Jefferson again. Lissa sank down weakly on the bench.

The hum of voices died. Susan Huxley played a short prelude. The services had started. There was quiet as Brother August stood to offer the opening prayer. Lissa looked at the program in her hand. Her song was first on the program. Lissa bowed her head and closed her eyes. She was cold with a coldness that chilled her body and made her teeth chatter. Brother August always offered a long prayer. This was her last chance to steady herself. She said a little prayer of her own, "Please, God, help me—help me to sing my song well. Please—for daddy's sake."

As she prayed, a feeling of warmth stole over her—a protecting warmth. As on a cold rainy night when she was safe in her bed with her knees doubled up and the wool comforter over her. But this—this warmth was deeper than that. And there was a sound like the steady beating of a heart.

The steady beating faded into a whispering that was like the wind in the silver poplars.

"Lissa!" she seemed to hear a soft voice call.

Lissa's heart pounded. It sounded like her mother's voice!

"Lissa!" Again she heard the sound. "I'm here, Lissa . . . Here . . . You can't see me, but I'll never leave you, Lissa . . . . Never . . . ."

Lissa opened her eyes, her heart beating so loudly that she was sure all must hear. Outside was the garden and the wind in the trees. Brother August's deep voice was the only other sound. All this was as before. But now Lissa felt her mother's presence, and suddenly she understood. Only her mother's body was dead. Her spirit still lived. Always it would be near her, loving and protecting her. And someday—someday, she would be with her mother again!

Lissa felt music swell within her, the notes golden and full. Now she knew she could make daddy understand! *She knew.*

The prayer ended. Lissa stood before them all and sang, and in her song was the eternal story of mother love, and the resurrection and the life.

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts from the *Woman's Exponents*, May 1, and 15, 1884

"The Rights of the Women of Zion, and the Rights of the Women of All Nations"

Deseret Hospital, Salt Lake City, April 5, 1884. To the Honorable, the Executive Board of the Deseret Hospital: Ladies: Anticipating that during this present season, other responsible duties will necessarily demand much of my time and absence from the city, I deem it wisdom, and do herein tender my resignation as President of the Deseret Hospital Association.

Yours respectfully and lovingly,
E. R. Snow Smith

At a meeting of the Executive Board of the Deseret Hospital, Saturday, April 12th, the President's resignation was accepted . . . . and we take pleasure in acknowledging our appreciation of her faithful and diligent labors for the establishment and prosperity of that benevolent institution.

M. Isabella Horne, Ch. Ex. Com; Phebe Woodruff, Marinda N. Hyde, Bathsheba W. Smith, Jane S. Richards, Romania B. Pratt, M.D., Ellis R. Shipp, M.D., Elizabeth Howard, Emmeline B. Wells, Secretary.

* * * *

Editorial Notes: The present number [May 15] of the paper closes the twelfth volume of the Exponent. As the years have rolled by the paper has gradually increased in popularity and influence, as well as in its subscription list. During the past year and a half some serious difficulties have opposed the financial interests of the paper. In January, 1883, the bursting of the water pipes in the Council House destroyed the Editorial Office and much of the furniture, as well as valuable books and papers to a considerable amount. In June, the fire that destroyed the Council House destroyed all except the desk containing books and a few other things . . . . There has never been a time when so many sample copies were sent for from all parts of the civilized world, as there has been during the past few months . . . .

* * * *

Items from Oakley . . . . We are located on Goose Creek, a tributary of Snake River, and have a thriving settlement . . . . We had a Relief Society organized here September 24th, 1882, by Apostles Lyman and Smith, with the following named officers: Sarah A. Snedaker, President; Louisa Haight and Janett Whittle, Counselors; Prescilla Worthington, Secretary; Breta Felt, Treasurer . . . . By the proceeds of a picnic party, given by the Relief Society, and other donations, we have been able to send twenty-five dollars to the Logan Temple . . . .

* * * *

Items From Manassa, Colorado . . . . We Saints in this valley are enjoying good health, with few exceptions. Apostles B. Young and H. J. Grant have paid us a visit . . . . Almost four years ago, the first meeting I attended in this place was held under a shed, there being only about a half dozen small houses here then. The scene is changed now. We have plenty of good, comfortable houses, although not very nice; a comfortable log meeting house, though it is already too small, especially at conference times. We have a most creditable school house, which, I believe, cost about $1,400, nicely furnished with patent desks, blackboards, maps, and a first class school teacher . . . . Bro. John Morgan is greatly beloved by the people of this place, he having been the messenger to bring them the glad tidings of salvation in their native lands . . . . The Relief Society is also progressing. There are many good, faithful sisters here, who are willing to do their duties at all times . . . .

Samantha T. Boice

Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

THE French diseuse, Yvette Guilbert, has died at the age of seventy-seven. Dressed in appropriate period costumes, she sang ancient and mediaeval French folk songs and ballads. She had imitators, but, though entertaining, they never achieved her high artistry. She performed in the old Salt Lake Theatre, and many who attended still remember that evening as one of rare charm.

DOCTORS Margaret Brenman and Robert P. Knight have worked out a new kind of hypnosis treatment for insanity. With it, they recently effected the cure of a seventy-one-year-old woman who had a very stubborn case. She remained under the hypnosis for seventy hours. In six months there has been no recurrence of the malady.

IN an article "Women of Malta" in the March *Harper's Bazaar*, Teresa S. Colt tells of the courage of the women of that Mediterranean isle which was "battered, broken and wrecked" in 2000 bombings by the Germans and Italians. Architectural monuments and 28,000 homes were demolished. The women dug out new habitations beneath the cliffs, and despite the scant supply of water, kept them clean and neat. The Honorable Mabel Strickland did not miss printing a single edition of her two newspapers—English and Phoenician—in which she published Reuter's telegraph dispatches from all parts of the world, and gave the people local news, "encouragement, praise and even laughter."

MRS. ANNE O'HARE MCCORMICK, who as a member of the editorial board of the *New York Times* helps to shape the policies of that eminent newspaper, is one of the few successful women foreign correspondents in America. She has met, interviewed, and written about Mussolini, Hitler, Neville Chamberlain, Winston Churchill, and President Roosevelt.

IN Great Britain, Ninette de Valois, English choregrapher, is largely responsible for the transition of ballet from Russian to English direction. At the death of the great Russian master, Serge Diagheliv, people felt that ballet in Britain was doomed. But with some others, Ninette, one of Diagheliv's stars, stepped into the breach. The English girl introduced ballet into the Sadler's Wells Opera House in London, where it soon vied in popularity with the operas. Even under war conditions, the high artistic quality of the ballet has not deteriorated. Two of Miss de Valois' outstanding successes are based on Biblical themes, "Job" and "The Creation of the World." (*Britain Today*, February.)

EDITORIAL

VOL. 31 MAY 1944 NO. 5

Women Courageous

AS the war continues, ever increasing in magnitude and intensity as the months advance, there will come in its wake, more and more to the women of the Church, sorrow and grief, as death deprives them of future association with loved ones in this life. It is then, especially, that Church members feel blessed in the testimony of the Gospel they possess which includes the sure knowledge of a reunion with the departed in the life hereafter, and a continuance of family relationships as they have been sealed upon recipients. Even with this assurance, however, the days, months, and years seem to stretch ahead bleak and lonely, and one knows that there will come times when the separation will seem one not to be borne. It is an inspiration, in such circumstances, to observe the courage and fortitude manifested by some women. Difficult as it always is for the bereaved to face friendly and loving sympathy, some women seem to draw upon a Power beyond themselves and continue outwardly to lead a normal life in spite of the heartbreak and anguish which dwell within. Through service, their own pain becomes more bearable, and their deportment serves as a beacon of encouragement to others borne down with grief. Recently, the mother of a boy who had just a few days previously been reported killed in action, was in a temple seeking to master her own sorrow while she opened wide the gates of the kingdom to a fellow woman. Another woman, a devoted wife who has lost her husband, seeks to fill some of her empty hours by renewed participation in Church activities, thus setting an example to any woman who may meet with a like loss. The righteous have always been called upon to suffer along with the unrighteous. A benediction falls upon the heads of the righteous who bear their grief uncomplainingly, acknowledging the wisdom of the Lord in all things. Of such strength and endurance were the pioneer women who bravely journeyed onward, ministering to others, although their thoughts were fixed on a lonely grave forever left behind in an unmarked spot. Upheld by a faith stronger than the bonds of death, may Church women today carry on —continuing to give and to accept from life the full measure of life's experiences, realizing, through their grief, that life is good, and that "men are, that they might have joy." A withdrawal into oneself, blinded by grief, there to dwell in solitude and darkness alone, is not in accordance with the beliefs of Latter-day Saints. A short time of trial, a mingling of happiness and sorrow fully accepted and rightly lived, will lead to an eternity of joy in the hereafter, forever gladdened by the presence of the righteous.

M. C. S.

Notes TO THE FIELD

Publication Of Magazine Honor Roll Delayed

THE honor roll of stakes and missions, to be published in recognition of those Relief Societies and their *Magazine* representatives reporting a 1943 subscription list equal to seventy-five per cent or more of their total Relief Society membership, was to have appeared in the May 1944 issue of the *Magazine*, according to an announcement of the General Board made in *The Relief Society Magazine*, March 1944, page 165.

The General Board regrets to announce that the publication of the *Magazine* honor roll will be delayed until the June issue of the *Magazine*. In the meantime, however, *Magazine* representatives of Relief Societies having obtained percentages entitling them to positions on the honor roll will be notified by postcard of their achievement.

Pictographs showing the number of *Magazine* subscriptions in relation to members will also appear in the June issue of the *Magazine*.

Change In Price Of Relief Society Pins

EFFECTIVE April 1, 1944, the federal tax on jewelry was increased from ten per cent to twenty per cent. This tax applies to Relief Society pins, prices of which, including the increased tax, are now:

Pin No. 1—$1.20 postpaid (24 carat gold-plated).

Pin No. 2—$2.00 postpaid (10 carat solid-gold front with 24 carat gold-plated back).

SO MUCH TO DO

Grace M. Candland

Please stay an hour longer, Father Time,
There is so much to do. A helpless child
At home is needing me. The hedge grows wild
With thorns. The pansy bed, now in its prime,
Cries out for care. The canyons call again,
A poem still unwrought lies in my heart,
The world bids me arise and do my part
To lift its fallen ones and ease their pain.

How short the day till sunset's glowing urn
Will gather to itself the days of light
And leave behind the darkness of the night
But give to me no promise of return.

Today is mine, let every moment be
A glad response to tasks of charity.

Sketch Of My Life

Eliza R. Snow Smith

CHAPTER III

WE were traveling in the season, significantly "between hay and grass," and the teams feeding on browse obtained by felling trees, wasted in flesh and had but little strength; and at times, it was painful to see the poor creatures straining every joint and ligature—doing their best, and looking the very picture of discouragement. When crossing the low lands, where Spring rains had soaked the mellow soil, they frequently stalled on level ground, and we could move only by coupling teams, which made very slow progress. From the effects of chills and fever, I had not strength to walk, or I would not have been guilty of riding after those half-famished animals. Most of the time I was obliged to ride, no matter how dangerous it might be on roads formed by the hand of nature.

In some instances, a cow and ox—and frequently two cows were yoked together: and these poor animals, after helping draw wagons through the day, at night furnished all the milk with which the family was supplied; but the yield was a small pittance, especially when divided among a number of tired, hungry, houseless, little ones. It would require a painter's skill and pencil to represent an encampment where we stopped, as we frequently did, to give the jaded teams a chance to recuperate, and the people to straighten up matters and things generally. Here is a slight touch from my journal.

"Our town of yesterday has grown to a city—laid out in a half-hollow square, fronting East and South on a beautiful level, on one side an almost perpendicular, and on the other, a gradual descent into a deep ravine, which defines it on the North and West. At nine o'clock this morning, I noticed a Blacksmith's shop in full blast, and everything, everywhere, indicating local industries of real life. Only the sick are idle. Not a stove or cooking utensil, but is called into requisition; while tubs and wash-boards, etc., are taken one-half mile distant, where washing is done by the side of a stream of water. I join Mrs. M. [Markham] in the washing department, and get a Buggyride to the scene of action, as a spectator, where the boys have the fire in waiting: while others of our mess (21 in number) stop in the city and do the cooking arrangements; and for our dinner, send us a rich portion of their immense pot-pie, made of rabbits, squirrels, pheasants, quails, prairie chickens, etc., etc., trophies of the success of our hunters, of whom, each Division has its quota. Thus, from time to time we are supplied with fresh meat." I will now attempt a description of a prairie fire, and then, as I am writing merely "a sketch," I shall pass hastily forward.

MOSQUITO CREEK

At this place on the Pioneer Trail a conference was held

At our encampment at the head waters of the Grand River, we saw a fire in the distance coming rapidly towards us with tremendous fury. Our men turned out *en masse*, and set fires to burn a broad extent around our premises, for the wind was so strong, that, without this precaution, the fire would have swept over us almost instantaneously. So soon as we felt secured, we gazed with admiration and astonishment at the terrific grandeur of the bewildering scene before us, as the devouring element rolled in awful volumes over the tall, dry grass, interspersed with leafless trees as dry as tinder—the flames rising at times, to the height of forty or fifty feet, and shooting, as if drawn by powerful attraction, from tree to tree. I had often read and listened to descriptions of "*Prairies on fire*," with the dangers to which travelers are exposed in consequence, and had thought those accounts over-drawn, but now I can say in truth, that the reality "*beggars all description*."

I now pass hurriedly over the founding of the settlement called Pisgah—the unjust requisition of Government in calling out the Mormon Battalion and consequent hardships devolving on the women and children, as they have long since become subjects of history.

When we left Pisgah, Col. M. [Markham] was minus one teamster, and Mrs. M. [Markham] to avoid having another to cook for, proposed to drive the gentle, well-trained yoke of oxen which was selected for the wagon she and I were to occupy; but soon after we started, she was taken quite ill, and of course, the driving fell to me. Had it been a horse team, I should have been amply qualified, but driving oxen

was entirely new business. However, I took the whip and very soon learned to *haw* and *gee*, and acquitted myself very well in driving most of the way to "Winter Quarters" (now Florence) the cattle being so pliable that I could sit and drive. At the best, I was often much fatigued, the family at times having so much sickness, that I had to cook as well as nurse, and I was truly thankful for strength to do for those from whom I received much kindness.

On the 2d we arrived at our "Winter Quarters" where we joined the general Camp. From exposure and hardship I was taken sick soon after with a slow fever, and as I lay sick in the wagon, where my bed was exposed to heavy rains, and, at times, unavoidably wet from head to foot, I realized that I was near the gate of death; but in this suffering and exposed condition, I did not feel that God had forsaken me—my trust was in Him, and His power preserved me. While passing through this trying scene, I not only realized the goodness of God, but experienced many kindnesses from my sisters, whose names are not only written in my Journal, but also are engraven on my heart; and I never shall forget the unceasing kindness of brother and sister Markham, with whom I journeyed from Nauvoo to this winter stopping-point. At the time of which I am writing, many were sick around me, and under the circumstances, no one could be properly cared for. Although exposed to Autumnal rains in the wagon—worse was yet to come.

On the 28th of October, a company starting out for supplies, required the wagon which sister M. [Markham] and I occupied: and the house we moved into, having been built of logs, with openings only partly chinked and mudded—the wind cold and blustering, found plenty of crevices on the sides through which to play; while the roof was shingled only on one side, with a tent-cloth thrown over the other: and besides, it was minus a chimney, and when a fire was kindled, the smoke so filled the house, that a breathing apparatus was of little use, and the fire was put outside. Mrs. M. [Markham] had partially recovered from her sickness, but was feeble—I was not able to sit up long, and under the circumstances, having to dispense with a fire, I had to keep my bed.

The men had so much to do in preparing for winter, our circumstances were much the same—cooking done out of doors, etc., until past the middle of November, when our chimney was built — the house chinked, and other improvements added, which we were prepared to appreciate.

About the last of December I received the sad news of the death of my mother, in which, although accompanied with a feeling of heavy bereavement, I realized a sweet, soothing sensation in the thought that she was free from all earthly ills. She had lived to a good age, and been a patient participator in the scenes of suffering through the persecutions of the Saints. Her mortal remains sleep in peace—her grave, and that of my father, whose death preceded hers less than a year, are side by side, in Walnut Grove, Knox Co., Illinois.

The privations, hardships, and exposures to which we had been subjected, combined with the unhealth-

iness of the climate of our Winter-Quarters, caused much sickness, and sickness increased destitution: but in the midst of all, we enjoyed much of the Spirit of God, and many seasons of refreshing from His presence. My life, as well as the lives of many others, was preserved by the power of God, through faith; and not on natural principles, as comprehended by man.

Our extensive encampment was divided into Wards, and so organized that meetings were held in each Ward. An order was introduced and cheerfully carried into effect, that each able-bodied man, should either give the labor of each tenth day, or contribute an equivalent, for the support of the destitute, and to aid those families whose husbands and sons were in the Battalion, and those who were "widows indeed."

On the 7th of April, 1847, President Brigham Young with his band of pioneer braves, started in search of a home for the Saints, in the mountains of the desert.

The first emigrant company started early in June. Brother and sister Robert Pierce kindly offered me a seat in their carriage, which was left vacant by the death of their daughter Mary, a promising young lady, who had fallen a victim to the sickly climate; and on the 12th of June, we bade *Goodbye* to many dear friends, and again started on pilgrimage.

Previous to starting for an indefinite point—probably one thousand miles into the interior, and from all supplies, the idea of an *outfit* was a very important consideration. Some of our brethren had purchased and brought from St. Louis a few articles of Merchandise, which supplied our local Store with some of the necessaries and comforts for journeying. I was to start immediately, and what about my outfit? Its extent must be determined by the amount of means. On examining my purse, I found it contained *one dime* (ten cents)—I was nearly minus ink—I could not go without that article: one dime was just the price of a bottle, and I made the purchase.

After we started out from Winter Quarters, three or four days were consumed in maneuvering and making a "*good ready*." At an appointed place for rendezvous, a general meeting was held around a Liberty Pole, erected for that purpose, and an organization effected similar to that entered into after leaving Nauvoo. Also, at our next point, on the Platte River, a Liberty Pole was erected, from which our National Flag floated gracefully on the breeze. How dear to the heart of an American, has that sacred emblem ever been! And, although at that time, it yielded us no protection—although we were homeless exiles, the wave of the "Dear old Flag," seemed fraught with that inspiration which silently breathes a promise of peace.

As we moved forward, one Division after another—sometimes in Fifties—sometimes in Tens—but seldom traveling in Hundreds, we passed and repassed each other, but at night kept as compact as circumstances would admit, especially when in the Indian country. Not knowing how our "red brethren" might feel disposed toward us, it was admitted that caution was the parent of safety. East of Fort Laramie, many of the Sioux nation mixed with our traveling camps—sometimes in our front and sometimes in

—By permission and courtesy of American Pioneer Trails Association

BUFFALO STAMPEDE

our rear, on their way to the Fort, where their national Council was in Session.

We had no other trouble with them than the loss of a few cooking utensils, which, when unobserved, they light-fingered; except in one instance, when our Ten had been left in the rear to repair a broken wagon, until late in the night. It was bright moonlight, and as we were passing one of their encampments, they formed in a line closely by the roadside, and, when our teams were passing they simultaneously and vigorously shook their blankets to frighten the teams and cause a stampede; however no serious injury occurred, although the animals were dreadfully frightened—cows broke their fastenings, oxen turned their bows, and horses pranced and trembled, while some of the weaker human nerves were not altogether proof against the unanticipated scare.

Those Indians carried their tents and baggage on horses, mules and on drays formed of tent-poles, and drawn by horses, mules, and dogs: covers for the little ones were made by fastening skins over bows fixed to the upper side of the drays.

We had two fearful stampedes while on this journey—the first was in the evening—the animals were in a corral formed by placing the wagons and carriages side by side, with the tongues on the outside of the hollow square, to which open spaces were left on two sides, for ingress and egress. The wagon in which I had retired for the night was either second or third from one of these openings, and to this gateway the animals all rushed—bellowing, puffing, and snorting, while they rushed against, and clambered over and up-

on each other in heaps, above the wagon-tops, and so frightened that it was some time before they succeeded in breaking through the gateway in making their escape. The scene was horrible! Some animals died of injuries—many had their horns knocked off, which produced pitiful sights. The trouble was occasioned by a person shaking the dust from a buffalo robe, which frightened the near animals—they started others to run, and the contagion spread almost instantaneously thro' the entire herd. The camp necessarily halted for the recovery of the runaways, most of which were found the next day.

The second stampede occurred in the day-time. We had stopped to repair a dilapidated crossing over a broad slough—the teams were standing two, three, and four abreast; and from the top, nearly to the bottom of a gentle slope, facing the hands at work, when two men on mules, with blankets swinging, rode galloping past—frightening the back teams, and they started on a rush forward, which started others, and soon nearly every vehicle was in motion with fearful velocity, the drivers absent, and women and children in wagons, carriages, and others still more exposed, standing where they were in danger of being crushed by the reckless flying wheels. With fearful velocity, heedless of crossings and bridges, those teams whirled their vehicles across the slough where, it was admitted that the most skillful teamster could not have succeeded. I was sitting alone on the back seat of a carriage, holding the reins of a high-spirited span—vehicles were flitting past—the horses made several springs, and I knew very well, if they really got started, no human power could prevent them stripping everything to strings. While I held them with all my strength, I prayed with all the fervency of my soul. Mrs. Pierce and her daughter Margaret, with whom I was journeying, being out of the carriage when the scene occurred, had been trying to stop some ox-teams, but finding they could not succeed they came, one on each side, and caught the horses by the bits: they stopped prancing, but shook all over like a person with the shaking urge. Whatever skeptics may say, I attribute my preservation at that time to the peculiar and special blessing of God. And not only mine, but that of others: in the midst of the many fearful exposures, no one was seriously hurt.

Much of the time we journeyed on untrod ground, but occasionally we struck the track of the Pioneers and read the date of their presence, with an "All well" accompaniment inscribed on a bleached buffalo skull, and had a general time of rejoicing. Those skulls were duly appreciated; but at times, the tremendous herds of live buffaloes were very annoying, especially when crossing their watering paths in near proximity to a river, and we were compelled to make a break in a line of wagons, and wait for two or three thousand of those uncompromising animals to pass.

We had many seasons of rejoicing in the midst of privation and suffering—many manifestations of the loving kindness of God. In very many instances the sick were healed, and those who by accidents were nigh unto death, made speedily whole. I will mention one case which was under my immediate ob-

servation. Mrs. Love, an intimate friend of mine, fell from the tongue of her wagon, containing sixteen hundred freight; the wheels ran across her breast as she lay prostrate, and to all appearance, she was crushed, but on being administered to by some of the elders, she revived; and after having been anointed with consecrated oil, and having the ordinance of laying on of hands repeated she soon recovered, and on the fourth day after the accident, she milked her cow, as usual.

Many, yes many were the star and moonlight evenings, when, as we circled around the blazing fire and sang our hymns of devotion and songs of praise to Him who knows the secrets of all hearts—when with sublime union of hearts, the sound of united voices reverberated from hill to hill; and echoing through the silent expanse, apparently filled the vast concave above, while the glory of God seemed to rest on all around us.

On one of these soul-inspiring occasions—prompted by the spirit of Song, I wrote the following:

SONG OF THE DESERT

Beneath the cloud-topp'd mountain—
Beside the craggy bluff,
Where every dint of nature
Is wild and rude enough:
Upon the verdant meadow—
Upon the sun-burnt plain—
Upon the sandy hillock,
We waken music's strain.

Beneath the pine-tree branches
Which have for ages stood—
Beneath the humble cedar,
And the green cotton-wood:
Beside the broad smooth river—
Beside the flowing spring—
Beside the limpid streamlet,
We often sit and sing.

Beneath the sparkling concave,
When stars in millions come
To cheer the weary strangers
And bid us feel at home.
Amid the cheering moon-light,
Fair Cynthia's mellow rays
In social groups we gather,
And join in songs of praise.

Cheer'd by the blaze of fire-light,
When evening shadows fall,
And when the darkness deepens
Around our spacious hall;
With true and warm emotion
To saintly bosoms given,
In strains of pure devotion
We praise the God of heaven.

(*To be continued*)

RATION POINTS SPUR FAT COLLECTIONS

The collection of fat greases continues to be a most vital war need. Housewives are continuously urged to save and turn in household fats.

Since the inception of the points-for-fat program, there has been an increase in the household fat collections. Housewives over the entire nation have responded enthusiastically to this new arrangement. However, the nation is still far behind the quotas set by the War Production Board. Official figures show that we have only one-third of the required stockpile of glycerine, which is the vital ingredient obtained from fats.

—Official Salvage News Bulletin

"Sisters, Let Your Own Hands Adorn Your Homes"

—BRIGHAM YOUNG

William R. Palmer

THE recording of history in needlework is not a new idea. It is as old as painting and older than printing. The Egyptians used the art and some of the oldest English history is preserved in tapestries done by the needlewomen of the King's Court. So when Miss Alice Palmer decided to bring out her family traditions and hang them on the wall of the family home, her idea, new perhaps to this day, was not original.

This decision made, Miss Palmer stirred up the members of the household to a search of the family records and stories and history. She, like every other person, had two lines to search, her father's and her mother's.

When an interesting bit of story was discovered she drew an illustration of it to scale on quadrilled paper. In this manner, she charted scores of characters and events in the lives of the two families.

Her father was William R. Palmer, son of Richard Palmer, who was first of the Palmers to come to Utah. Her mother was Kate V. Isom, daughter of George and Alice Parker Isom, who were pioneers to Southern Utah. The Isoms were English while the Palmers were Welsh.

The preliminary sketching all done, the next step was to select out of those many colored plates the figures from the two families that would keep her proposed wall panel in balance both as to figures and colors.

The materials selected were a very light-colored tan monk's cloth for the background, and best-grade, fast-colored wool yarns for the figures which were to be worked into the panel in cross-stitch. The panel is four by six and a half feet. Sometimes a figure done in a certain color combination was picked out and done over in another color to attain a more artistic balance or color effect.

Both the Palmers and the Isoms were early Latter-day Saint converts in Great Britain. They came here for the Church, and thus the Church the Palmers helped to build in Zion became the central motif of the picture. This is an almost perfect picture of the old Tabernacle in Cedar City that stood where the Federal Building now stands.

The figure in the center at the top is a copy of the Palmer coat of arms. The Palmer name also originated in a religious movement, the crusades. Those who went to the Holy Land and came back bearing palms were called "The Palmers." Thus Palmer became a surname.

As stated before, the Isoms were English and the Palmers were from Wales. The flowers at either side of the coat of arms are the Tudor rose of England and the daffodil of Wales—the national flowers.

The second figures down from the

AP
WIP
PALMA VIRTUTI
1885
1933
ISOM 1876
PALMER 1874
RIP
RP
HOME
EP
ALICE PALMER

top represent a sailing vessel and an ox team. These were the modes of travel by which both families came to Utah. These figures stamp both families as pioneers. Unfortunately, the white does not show well in the photograph so the full symmetry of the sails on the vessel is not brought out.

Below the sailing vessel is the old Palmer home in Cedar City, and opposite that and under the ox team is the Isom home which was built down on the Virgin River. After the families went through the first hard stages of pioneering, these were the first real homes they built in Zion.

Under the Palmer home stands the original Palmer with his staff and palms, dressed in the costume of the crusader. Beside him is the typical Welsh grandmother with her aprons and high beaver hat.

Opposite these stands a musician waving his baton. Beside him sits his wife, Ellen Douglas Parker. *The Relief Society Magazine*, February 1942, contains a letter that she had written in Nauvoo one hundred years before.

When Heber C. Kimball first carried the Gospel to England, he preached in a church in the little town of Clithero. John Parker was the choir leader in that church and he and every member of his choir were converted. This man and woman were the grandparents of Mrs. Palmer.

Below the choir leader is a cart with a mule driven by a woman. That woman was Alice Parker, a girl of fifteen, on her way to Dixie. After the Civil War broke out, cotton could not be bought in the East but it was very much needed in Utah. Experiments proved that it could be grown in the valley of the Virgin River. Colonists were then sent by the Church to go there and raise cotton.

John Parker was one who was sent to Dixie. He loaded into the big wagon all the family effects that it would hold, but there were still the soap barrel and the tubs and buckets which must go, He owned a cart and a little mule and had a fifteen-year-old daughter who could drive the cart, so they loaded the unsightly cargo into it and Alice, the daughter, followed behind the big wagon. The mule was a friendly little creature that turned into every gate they passed and stopped for every boy who hollered "whoa." It was a great embarrassment to the girl and so the story lived and came down to her granddaughter Alice, who perpetuated it in the family panel.

Opposite the mule and cart is a man on a horse following a pack of hounds. He was Henry Thomas Rees, grandfather of the Palmers. He inherited some money in Wales, rode to the hounds, and followed the races all over England. One day he came home and told his wife that they were penniless. He had lost everything he owned. He was prepared to see her weep and storm, but instead, she calmly said, "Well, Harry, that is the best word you have ever brought home. Maybe now you can settle down and do something worthwhile." Repentantly he did settle down and a few years later the Gospel gathered the two into its net. They came to Utah, settling in Cedar City.

The house in the center below the church is the Palmer home in Cedar

City, the home in which this panel was made and where it now hangs.

The figure in the lower right-hand corner represents Alice's father seated at his desk talking with a commercial traveler. The other characters represent his pioneer and Indian hobbies.

The figure in the opposite corner reveals from what Mr. Palmer rescued Mrs. Palmer. The boy in the back seat rising up to pull the pigtails of the girl in the front gives a realistic touch to this schoolroom scene. "Look out, little Willie, for the schoolma'am wields a wicked willow."

In the upper left-hand corner is a figure marked AP. This represents Alice, the girl who embroidered the panel. She majored in textiles and art at the University of Utah. At the bottom of this figure will be seen a pair of scissors and above the handles, a spool of thread. The scissors are cutting into a piece of cloth. This represents her major. In the center is a beehive and behind it a snow-capped peak. The Bee Hive work was her major Church activity. At the time of her death, she had supervision, under the General Board, of Bee Hive work in five Southern Utah stakes. The snow-capped peak was her personal Bee Hive symbol. Alice was the oldest in the family.

Next in point of age was William I. who is represented in the opposite upper corner. "Bill," as the family call him, was in government work and traveling all the time. The suitcase became almost symbolic of him. He majored in agricultural economics. Alice put for him a head of grain in a book because she said he farmed by the book rather than by the acre.

At the bottom center under the home is an artist's palette and brushes marked EP. This represents Eugene who majored at Logan in art.

Above the schoolma'am is a figure labeled RIP. This was Richard who at that time was majoring in political science and public accounting. These were his books and ledgers and pen and ink.

Opposite Richard and below the man on the horse is the youngest brother's symbol. Rodney at that time was in high school. He had not yet specialized so his major interests were tennis and the girls and his books and pencils.

This explains the meaning of every figure in the panel. It is the work of a beloved daughter who is with us no more. She designed the border as well as the figures. It is a decoration of surpassing beauty that catches the eye of every person who enters the room where it hangs. Because it portrays our family history it will be a priceless heirloom as long as it endures.

THE FIRST BORN

Abbie R. Madsen

You are the song of my heart,
You are the bud and the rose;
The murmuring peace of the
singing brook,
The perfumed breeze as it blows.

You are the twilight and dawn,
You are the ultimate goal;
The strength and the courage
to live and dare,
The unending song in my soul.

The Rock and the River

Ezra J. Poulsen

PART THREE

THE course of events moved quietly on the Mansfield farm during the rest of the summer. With Jack in the army and Bonnie spending much of her time in the field with her father, there was little inclination and less time for recreation. There was more comfort in working from dawn till dark. At least this gave the satisfaction of being helpful in producing food for the workers at home, and for the boys in the camps.

Above all, the Mansfields found comfort in faith. Always deeply religious, they, nevertheless, like millions of others, sought to get closer to their Creator in this moment of national and personal trial. "If Jack only comes through safely," said Julia, "I'll never quit thanking the Lord."

"And if he doesn't?" remarked John, recalling casualties already announced in their own county.

"If he doesn't, I—I'll know the Lord had work for him elsewhere," she replied with a great effort.

Bonnie carried on her own personal battle alone. Her disappointment at not seeing Dale when he passed through Hathaway was mild in comparison with her disappointment in having his letters suddenly stop. She had written explaining the change in her plans and urging him to send his letters directly to the farm. She had received one after he had reached his primary flying field, then silence.

At first, her daily trip down to the post office just before supper was a brief respite filled with expectancy and hope; but finally it became a rite presaged with dread and fear. At last, when she could stand it no longer, she ran into her room, threw herself across her bed, and broke into tears.

Mrs. Mansfield went out and helped her husband with the milking without disturbing her, after which she went quietly into the darkened room and sat down by her daughter.

"Don't take it too hard," she coaxed. "If he doesn't think enough of you to write, the sooner you can forget, the better."

"Mother," she sobbed, "I don't believe he's changed. Something's happened to him. I know it has."

"Well, Dear, if you feel that way, try to be patient. I'm sure you'll learn the truth, whatever it is."

"I've had one letter since I came home. That shows he's not angry because I didn't meet him when he came through Hathaway."

"When he came through—?" Mrs. Mansfield was bewildered.

Bonnie sat up and wiped her eyes. "I didn't intend to tell you. I'm sorry. But he was coming through in a few days, and I was to meet him."

Mrs. Mansfield was quick to see the new angle. "Why, I—we shouldn't have hurried you away under those conditions," she de-

clared. "When will we ever stop bungling. Bonnie, why didn't you tell us?" she cried anxiously.

"I—I didn't want to cause you any more trouble."

"Well, I declare." Julia very seldom lost her composure, but for once she felt she herself was suffering from a bad case of jitters. "Now, we have that to worry about. Maybe we did the wrong thing. Oh, I wish I had known you were expecting him. The way it looks to me now, you should have seen him when he came through Hathaway by all means. Very likely you would have both decided you were not meant for each other, and you could have parted friends, and let it go at that. Now, if this turns out bad, we'll blame ourselves. And it's going to take you twice as long to get over it." Julia hurried away to hide her own tears. "Oh my, I wonder if he has been hurt," she worried later, when she explained the situation to her husband.

"The whole affair is turning out about as I expected," he declared. "The sooner she forgets him, the better."

Julia avoided a direct reply to this. She observed a note of triumphant hardness in his voice, and with womanly tact decided to avoid an argument. But as the days went by, she found little ways of making Bonnie's work easier, and of keeping her cheerful. Almost to her own amazement, she began to hope that Dale Weyman would prove to be the right man for Bonnie. She hoped it because of her husband's stubborn opposition; she hoped it because Dale had impressed her as being a young man of fine quality, in spite of their short acquaintance; finally, she hoped it because she was a romantic idealist: she didn't believe a girl ever really lost her heart until the right man appeared.

By September, the big brown haystacks back of the Mansfield barn, together with the straw pile fresh from the blower of the threshing machine, gave evidence of the hard work of the family. Both Julia and Bonnie laughed at each other's tanned faces and calloused hands; and John, who was rather a severe taskmaster, both in what he demanded of himself and what he expected of others, drew an arm affectionately around each. "Well, the heaviest part of the work's done," he declared. "Thanks to the best help a man ever had. Now, if Jack could only come home for a few days, we'd celebrate."

"Let's celebrate right now by going down to see if there's a letter from him," challenged Julia.

"All right, and we'll drive over to the drugstore and get some of the biggest nut sundaes they ever made. What do you say, Bonnie?" He put his finger under his daughter's chin, and looked into her troubled blue eyes.

"Okay, Dad, I'll agree to eat my share." She turned away, and he felt that in spite of her weeks of loyal, patient behavior, she still held some resentment against him.

"Bonnie, do you blame me for Weyman's failure to write?"

Bonnie winced. "No. No, of course not, Dad. In fact you were absolutely right about him. I—I—wish I'd never seen him." Her words, he easily discerned, were too emotional to be convincing. Still, that afternoon when she ran out of the post office toward the car hold-

ing up a letter from Jack, her mood had completely changed. She was the picture of girlish enthusiasm. Tossing the letter into her mother's lap, she climbed,almost tumbled, into the back seat. Her father was glad. She was thinking of her brother now. But in their eagerness to get Jack's letter open, neither of her parents noticed, that, as she sank back weakly in the corner of the seat, she began to read a letter of her own.

"Jack's coming home," cried Julia. "He'll be here in two weeks!"

"That calls for a celebration," exclaimed John, who seldom showed excitement. "We'll take him fishing, and we'll all go for a camping trip to the lake. What do you say, Bonnie?"

"Fine, Dad." Bonnie's voice seemed strained and far away. Her father looked around sharply, his heavy, brown face registering amazement.

"Why—Mother, Bonnie's got a letter."

Julia gasped. Not even Jack's letter could compete with this news.

"Is it from him?"

Bonnie nodded without moving her tight lips, nor lifting her eyes from the page on which they were glued. Her parents studied her in silent expectancy. The blood seemed squeezed from her face; and curled up in the corner of the seat, she seemed so thin and small they both felt a tinge of pity. Neither could tell; by her expression, whether the contents of the letter were to her liking or not. Finally, she let her hand drop, and lifted her eyes.

"Well," demanded her mother, "how is he?"

"All right," replied Bonnie, handing the letter to her mother with an uncertain smile.

Mrs. Mansfield read rapidly, then slowly. The lines of eagerness around her mouth tightened into seriousness. She passed the pages to her husband. "He doesn't say why he hasn't written, yet he writes as if there had been no break in his letters."

John passed the letter back to Bonnie, who put it in her handbag without a word.

"Won't it be wonderful to have Jack home for a few days?" murmured Mrs. Mansfield in subdued excitement. "And just think, he says he's bringing one of his friends."

"Bonnie," tested John Mansfield, as he started the car, "maybe you'll like this young man better than the other one."

Bonnie didn't answer. She was looking off toward the river, where an unusually large grove of cottonwoods rose above the meandering line of willows, making a soft, green blotch against the hazy sky.

THAT night in a very impeccable mood, Bonnie sat by her small desk, silhouetted in a cone of light from her study lamp, and wrote a long letter to Dale Weyman. His letter, she concluded after reading it many times, was a complete mystery. It seemed warm, cordial, friendly, yet contained no apology nor explanation concerning his long silence. It neither asked for nor promised an immediate reply, although its tone seemed to assume a completely unbroken chain of communication. Maybe, as her father suggested, he was just letting her down easily, or it could be, as her mother thought pos-

sible, he was perhaps both busy and tired.

At any rate, Bonnie did not write with her heart on her sleeve; neither did she conceal it in some imaginary or emotional ice cavern. She wrote warmly, friendly, joyfully, with many a touch of impersonal encouragement; and she put into it the clear air of the mountain valley, the luscious smell of ripening apples, the silken rustle of corn fodder in the autumn breeze. Finally, she put into it the charm of youthful poise and self control. It was midnight when she turned out her light, said her prayers, and went to bed; but she didn't have the slightest feeling of fatigue. Rather, she felt her entire being aglow with a new sense of buoyancy and understanding. She was not worried about Dale. She harbored not even the tiniest vestige of resentment against her father. She felt as if she were folded in the arms of a loving Destiny, which guided her through all the mazes of circumstance toward her goal—happiness.

"Oh, Mother," she cried next morning. "I feel so good. I'm not worried about anything. When Dale reads my letter, he'll either answer it or he'll not. If he does, it will be because he wants to, if he doesn't, it will be because he doesn't want to. If he answers, he likes me; if he doesn't, well, then, I don't like him, so why should I worry?" She laughed gaily, as she started helping her mother with the breakfast.

"I'm so glad you feel that way," sighed Mrs. Mansfield with relief. "I've prayed for you every day."

"I know it, Mother. That's the reason I'm sure everything will be all right."

It was an exciting task to get ready for Jack's return. Mrs. Mansfield and Bonnie made pies and cakes until the pantry shelves fairly swayed with them; and John spent longer days in the field than ever, so he'd have more time to spend with his son.

"What do you really suppose Jack's friend will be like?" asked Bonnie shyly, as she brought a basket of fresh peaches in from the orchard.

Mrs. Mansfield smiled. "I don't know, but I do know he'll be pretty nice, or Jack would never have liked him well enough to bring him home."

Bonnie's cheeks were tinted with the same color as the peaches, and her eyes sparkled mischievously. Then, she experienced a surge of embarrassment, and ran back out into the orchard. "Shucks," she said aloud, and half angrily, "Bonnie Mansfield, you should be ashamed of yourself. All you're thinking about is just another chance to flirt. Oh, I hope he's old and ugly—and crippled," she added in a spirit of severe self discipline. "I—I—don't want to see another soldier! These furloughs are terrible for a romantic girl."

She was still taking herself to task when her father came up the driveway with Jack. She heard the front screen door slam, and saw her mother run out into the yard. She was running herself before she knew it.

"HI, Mother!" cried Jack. "Hi, Sis!" They were both in his arms at the same time; and during the long, wonderful moment of welcoming her brother, Bonnie quite forgot the expected guest, until she

vaguely became aware of someone sitting in the car. She felt impelled to extend the family hospitality, since everyone else was busy.

As she turned toward the car, however, the guest had already gotten out on the opposite side, and seemed to be waiting. She started around to him, then stopped, her lips parted with a sharp, little gasp, her eyes started, as if before an apparition. "Dale!" she cried under her breath, "Dale!"

"Bonnie!" They both stood staring, as if neither could move. Then, he noticed he was leaning on a cane, and the color in his naturally ruddy face was faded. Even the teasing little smile at the corners of his mouth seemed slightly twisted with pain. She ran to him, catching both his arms in her trembling hands, "Dale!"

His smile grew broader, and his countenance shone with a deep, abiding feeling. "Bonnie! Do you think you could love me?"

She lifted her wet eyelashes to study his haggard face. "Dear, you know I do."

"Even when I tell you I'm washed out as a flier?" he persisted.

"Of course."

"Then you must remember, I still am the making of a good lawyer, an honest one, too. And I soon will be ready to start in the opening I found down in the village."

"You—we'll make that a grand success." Bonnie's heart was overflowing with joy. She had a thousand questions to ask but they could wait. The deep spiritual fountains from which her soul drank made her understanding crystal clear.

Later, the rest of the family was sitting on the porch while Dale and Bonnie were walking hand in hand toward the orchard.

"That limp," remarked Jack, "is getting better fast. But, believe me, he had a bad fracture. Besides, he suffered from shock for weeks. It was a tough break, but the accident wasn't his fault. In fact, he saved several lives, and has been cited by the War Department."

Julia Mansfield looked searchingly at her husband. Jack went into the house for something. "He seems to be a very likely young man," she remarked.

"Mother, I'd be the last person in the world to deny it," admitted John. "You know strangers aren't always disappointing, are they?"

"I always felt that Dale was a good boy," Julia beamed triumphantly.

John Mansfield laughed indulgently. "The river is wiser than the rock," he philosophized. "The river waits; it sees what's around the next bend before it decides its course or speed. And it always succeeds because it never stops. It is patient, and it never ignores the facts of its surroundings."

"Why, Darling," interrupted Julia, "how you do carry on." She reached over and kissed him. "And so you admit it at last." An odd bit of mischievous perversity sprang up in her eyes, and her voice, which at first carried a note of mockery, became serious. "Don't forget the strength and solidarity of the rock. Think how it stands foursquare against all the winds that blow; think how honest and straightforward it is."

John Mansfield folded his wife's small hand in his own large one. "Somewhere between the two must

be right," he compromised. "But I don't know how to explain it."

Julia's face flashed with inspiration. "I know. Somewhere between the two extremes—the flowing river and the solid rock—is truth."

"Truth," he echoed with satisfaction. "At last, truth is what we all seek."

Gay laughter floated up the path. Dale was proudly walking without his stick; and Bonnie, in a flurry of excitement and protest, was trying to steady him.

"Truth," observed Julia with a sly twinkle, "is a man and a woman walking in harmony with God."

THE END

The Polish Question

(*Continued from page 249*)

tory which had been taken from them. The Poles under Pilsudski, however, drove them back and conquered a large Russian area, one hundred fifty miles east of the Curzon Line to approximately the Dnieper River, and established the Pilsudski Line as their eastern border. This new frontier was confirmed by the Treaty of Riga, in March 1921. In September 1939, Germany and Russia occupied Poland, dividing it between them roughly along the old Curzon Line. That, says Russia, is the true Polish border. The exiled Polish government in London contends that the Pilsudski Line is the rightful border and that when the Red armies crossed it recently, in January 1944, they entered Polish territory. The extreme seriousness of the Polish-Russian rift becomes apparent when one becomes aware of the fact that the strong Polish underground operating in this disputed area could effectively speed or retard, perhaps even wreck, the Russian program of German conquest.

LOVE'S THE BOND

Merling Dennis Clyde

You find your Mother's Card among the rest,
And wonder, Dear, when you have never known
The rhythmic beat of heart beneath your own,
Or reaching arms imploring you to nest
A small tired body close against your breast.
Yet you with mother-love have made it known
That actual birth is not the test alone
To crown a mother high among the best.
Through contacts with your soul, so many, blest
In sympathy and understanding tone,
Prove Love's the bond to draw them as your own.
The very hunger in your heart expressed
Inscribes your name, unconsciously unfurled;
You, too, become a mother of the world.

Every Girl Should Have a *Bible!*

NBP Trade Mark **National BIBLES**

Since 1863... At Your Bookstore

Relief Society Members

and Teachers will find the

SUMMER QUARTER

ideal for the studies they have long planned

First term: June 12—July 21

Second term: July 24—August 25

All work will be conducted on Provo Campus
All Colleges and Divisions of the University will operate
All Departments will be represented

Utah State Curriculum Conference and Workshops First Three Weeks

Lectures—Musicals—Concerts—Recreation
Outstanding Resident Faculty
Celebrated Visiting Staff
Send for your summer school catalogue now

Brigham Young University

Provo, Utah

EAT WELL! *LIVE WELL!* *BE WELL!*

WOMEN ARE RESPONSIBLE!

for the health and nourishment of the race. Before and after birth, and throughout life everyone of us is at the mercy of a woman's knowledge and skill in the selection, preparation and serving of FOOD. We are made or ruined by woman's knowledge and skill or lack of it. Women must not fail. They will not, if they will read and apply Mrs. Leah D. Widtsoe's

"HOW TO BE WELL"

576 pages filled with hundreds of delicious nourishing recipes and appetizing menus, based upon the newer knowledge of nutrition and inspired by the famous Latter-day Saint "Word of Wisdom."

Get this great book and give your loved ones a sound, long-time investment in the best of health insurance.

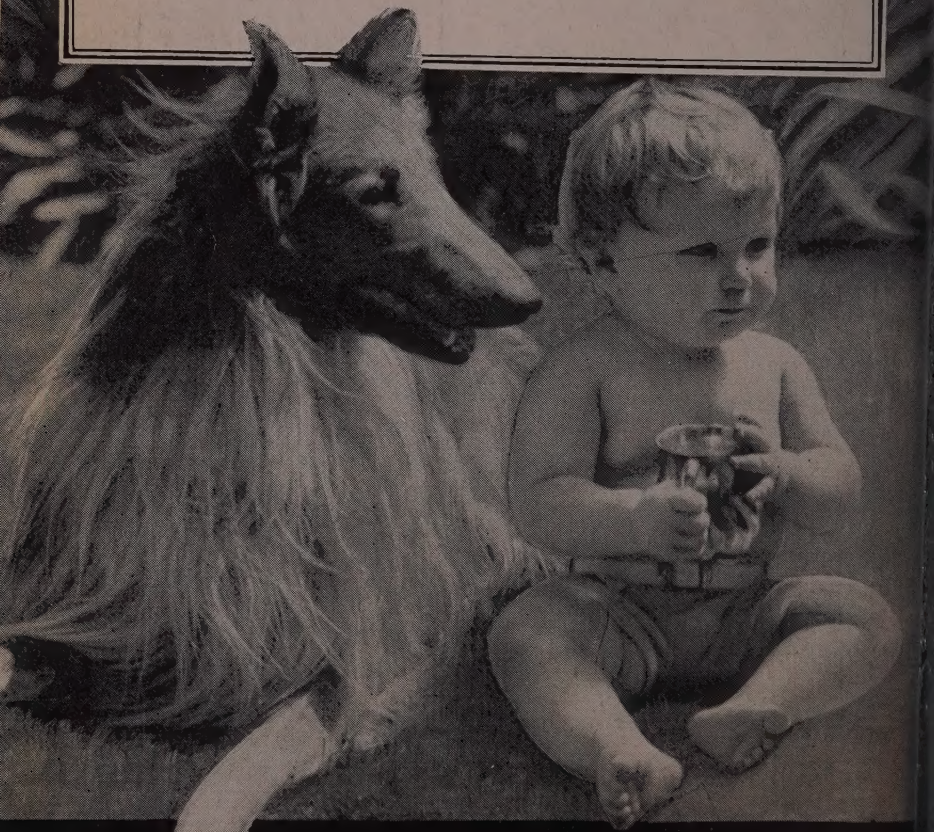
"HOW TO BE WELL" . . . $2.00

DESERET BOOK COMPANY

44 East South Temple Street, Salt Lake City 10, Utah
Publishers and Booksellers to the Church
"THE BOOK CENTER OF THE INTERMOUNTAIN WEST"

FAITHFUL TO A TRUST

No greater trust is given to man or woman than that of properly rearing a family. No family should feel secure without the comforting knowledge that **Life Insurance is a guardian of that trust.**



BENEFICIAL LIFE
INSURANCE COMPANY
Is your life insurance BENEFICIAL

Heber J. Grant, Pres. Salt Lake City, Utah